JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 7, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1786

WAR RISKS! £200 INSURANCE POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

EUROPE'S NEW No. 1 CITY

BRITAIN UNDER FIRE by the Editor

Bournville Cocoa down in price!

~~6d~~ now costs 5d PER QTR. LB.
9½d per ½ lb. • 1/6d per lb.

— NOW CHEAPER THAN BEFORE THE WAR

Bournville Cocoa is down in price. By cheaper packings, economies in distribution and the withdrawal of Coupon Gift Schemes, savings have been made which, according to our practice, we are at once passing on to the public.

Cocoa is a concentrated food; and thus this action is in line with Lord Woolton's appeal to manufacturers to find means of making the price of staple foodstuffs as low as possible.

QUALITY UNCHANGED

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

Hit back with National Savings

That money in your pocket can become part of another British fighter, another gun, another shell. Don't spend it on yourself. Lend it to the country. Buy National Savings Certificates!

Certificates!

Certificates are easy to buy and easy to cash at short notice. They cost 15/- each and increase in value till in 10 years they are worth 20/6. This represents a rate of interest of £3. 3. 5d. per cent, which is free of Income Tax.

Certificates may be bought at Post Offices, Banks and from Honorary Official Agents in shops and stores. They can also be bought in instalments by means of savings stamps and through Savings Groups.

Put all you can into National Savings Certificates . . . **and hit back hard!**

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

CALLAHER PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST,
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

For

FRAYED NERVES and NERVOUS HEADACHE

the safe and certain remedy is

Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-

SINGLE 2d. DOSE

Does not affect the heart

Gum Rot!

Blood on your toothbrush means trouble for your teeth!

Once gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) get a hold you may soon lose your teeth. But you can cure and prevent these diseases by using Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the very thing dentists use to clear up gum disease. Use Gibbs S.R. twice each day and keep your gums healthy and firm. If your gums are good your teeth will be safe.

GIBBS

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

6d and 1/3

★ The special offer of a 1/3 S.R. Toothpaste for 1d. and two empty 6d. Gibbs S.R. cartons closes on 4th Sept. 1940.

GR 83-333-60 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.7

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Satyrday, September 7, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

OUR WIN-THE-WAR DECISIONS

BRITAIN is already making plans for the time when the war can be carried into enemy territory.

Our coasts are now so well fortified, so much progress has been made in replacing the rifle by the automatic gun, that troops are finding time for training in mobile warfare.

We draw the natural conclusion that such training is in preparation for forthcoming attack.

Smashing Tactics

A seventy-miles-a-day Army is being assembled.

An Army that will beat the Nazi High Command at its own game, that will smash through a land quicker than Hitler's grey-clad invaders swept through Belgium and France.

Some of Hitler's methods have been frankly and unashamedly adopted. They have been improved by new ideas of our own.

Complete co-operation between the three Services has at last been achieved, both for defence of Britain and for the coming offensive.

Biggest Campaign Yet

Naval, Army and Air Force officers are working side by side on the same maps, dovetailing operations.

All Services have actually been engaged on minor offensive action already taken.

Not isolated incidents, but stages in a definite scheme, have been the constant raiding of the Norwegian coast by the Fleet Air Arm, raids by our troops on the French coast some time ago, and the naval bombardment of Italian positions.

Such moves—and others that cannot yet be revealed—are the preliminaries to the biggest campaign in our history.

U.S. and Canada

"Uncle Sam's" latest moves may set the seal on its preparations.

Developments in the joint defence talks between Canada and the United States made it certain that there will be co-operation in the Western Hemisphere.

And we predict that the gap between "co-operation" and "intervention" cannot remain long unbridged.

Against Italy

Second strategic blessing was the winning of Equatorial French Africa to the cause of General de Gaulle.

This does not merely relieve strain on our hard-pressed Mediterranean Forces and give us lines of communication to the Balkans—countries that hitherto have been shut off from us.

It opens a channel through which we can launch our forces against Italian possessions.

And we shall!

When Will It Start?

When will the major offensive begin?

One group of strategists advises action this autumn.

"Take the enemy by surprise" is the gist of their argument.

Other military experts favour the Spring.

Meanwhile minor offensive action will continue—in particular, still heavier R.A.F. bombing—with patient and relentless purpose until the big "zero hour" strikes.

No Nazi Invasion

The Battle for Britain is not yet over. But it's unlikely that these offensive plans will be interrupted by a full-scale Nazi invasion.

More likely are minor attempts to land raiding parties on our coasts. This danger has by no means diminished, though only a few weeks of fair weather remain for Hitler's troop transports.

Much more likely, the authorities believe, is an attempt to land troops by aircraft. They're ready for this or any other foray.

"Nuisance" Raids

Nazi air raids will undoubtedly increase. Folly to dismiss as "nuisance value" the attacks that keep London awake for six or seven hours at night.

These are mainly for reconnaissance purposes, to locate war factories and other objectives. Bombs dropped on residential districts far removed from these targets have two purposes—to make us think the objectives have not been located, and to maintain tension among the civil population.

Nice for Nazis

Civilians, however, obstinately refuse to please Hitler by jittering. Their only fault is to help Hitler's minions by carrying indifference to the point of stupidity.

Black-out is constantly broken. Even during a raid, house lights stream across such open spaces as Hampstead Heath and main railway lines, endangering whole areas.

Wardens are tired of warning persistent offenders. In all too many areas, the police fail to support them. People who have been warned a dozen times escape prosecution.

Poor Stuff

With very few exceptions, A.R.P. has been proved highly efficient. Pay tribute to its volunteers who, after their day's work, remain on duty all night in your defence!

Their reports agree that Nazi incendiary bombs are easily extinguished unless they fall on some highly inflammable material.

Surprisingly high proportion of explosive bombs that do not explode immediately are eventually found to be "dud."

Hold-Up

Even bigger nuisance is the lack of co-ordination in bus services during raids.

Some chief constables stop the traffic, others allow it to continue. So it often happens that miners leaving the pits at 10 p.m. are allowed to travel a few miles, then pulled up at a district boundary and made to wait hours.

We want a better system than this!

Grip of Iron

But our blockade grows steadily more even, more rigorous.

It's cast-iron grip is illustrated by the fact that fifteen Greek ships, laden with food bound for Switzerland, have been stopped

No suspicion that their cargoes might have been sent into Germany. But Britain will not let even a friendly neutral accumulate stores that might tempt Hitler into another invasion!

(Continued over)

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Since the "airblitz" began, Nazi air losses exceed 160 squadrons, 4,000 trained airmen, 20,000,000 gallons of petrol—and £25,000,000 in terms of lost machines.

● **First cross-Channel shelling is suspected to have been sabotage by Nazi officers. They thought that Hitler's intentions of invading Britain would be suicidal.**

● *Batteries were hidden. Their numbers and range were secret; they were meant to cover the landing of German troops. Now that they have been prematurely exposed, a purge of German officers is in progress.*

● Nazi Press threats against Switzerland stopped because hint has been dropped that Switzerland might reply by divulging details about the deposits of jewels and gold in Swiss banks by Nazi leaders.

● **Hitler has been warned by his economists that on his handling of the food situation in Europe depends early American entry into the war.**

● *Lord Haw-Haw (Wm. Joyce) is in disgrace. Goebbels blames him for miscalculating British psychology and for making himself a laughing-stock. So he's being faded out.*

● Reason for Hess's plea for single German girls to have babies: birth-rate among married women has fallen heavily. Even Nazi women don't want to produce bomb-fodder for Hitler.

● **Junker landowners are angry. Their estates are being confiscated for arms and aircraft factories, to replace those bombed out of existence in the Ruhr.**

● **British air and naval offensive against Italy has thrown back plans for invasion of Egypt. Rome fears that British successes will foment revolution in Libya as well as in Abyssinia.**

£900 MORE CLAIMS PAID

this week under "John Bull's" *FREE WAR-TIME INSURANCE*
which provides a £200 Policy—*underwritten at LLOYD'S*
—free for every reader, against

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION

SEE PAGE 8

TALENT STILL NOT MOBILISED

★

RAISE AGE LIMIT DURING WAR

★

NO LUXURY PAY FOR WORKERS

★

WAR LORDS BUSY WITH BELTS

(Continued from preceding page)

TALENT is still at a discount. So Britain has no use for the services of a sixty-five-year-old Londoner who says he is as fit as a man of thirty-five—and looks it.

Obviously he has talent.

He has invented drills that are used all over the world, a gas detector and various scientific instruments.

In the last war he designed hand grenades, a rifle sight and other equipment, and was sent home from Egypt by the General Staff to develop them.

Worked On 'Em All

He claims to have discovered X-rays a year before Rontgen; lately he has invented devices against submarines and magnetic mines.

He was the only British geologist employed during the last war to prospect for oil in this country. As a geologist, he has been engaged on some of the greatest engineering tasks in the world.

New coalfields, bridges, tunnels, Broadcasting House and Thames House—he has worked on them all.

Has to "Sign On"

Yet Mr. Bevin cannot find him a job. So he has to "sign on" at the employment exchange like a casual labourer, and draws 21s. 6d. a week from the Unemployment Assistance Bureau to keep himself, his wife and child.

An unusual case?

Not at all.

Thousands of technical and professional workers find it impossible to obtain jobs through the Ministry of Labour's Central Registry.

Work for 7,200 Experts

The Registry has found work for 7,200 experts, but a Parliamentary committee declares that neither private employers nor Government departments are making full use of the Registry.

New drive by Mr. Bevin to back the war effort by brains as well as brawn is expected to follow.

Can't be "Too Old"

Age limits must be raised during the war. Men and women in the fifties, sent by employment exchanges in quest of jobs, are turned down by managers as "too old."

Particular offenders are municipal authorities, many of whom will not engage people over forty-five even as cleaners.

Hint from the Government would probably suffice to release younger workers for active war work, thus reducing unemployment among the middle-aged.

"Technical" Hitch

Many women, eager to become munition workers, are told by employment exchanges that a long time may elapse before they can receive training.

No muddle here, but a shortage of training instructors.

Now that technical colleges are to work on a three-shifts-a-day basis, the shortage is expected to be ended within a few months.

Luxury Wages!

Are munition workers living in luxury? Instances quoted in Parliament of wages between £15 and £20 a week give a false impression of the situation as a whole.

Better example is that of ex-Servicemen engaged on assembling forty-seven aircraft parts. Their rate is 14.88d. an hour. Twelve-hour shift for seven days a week brings their wage to £5 11s., less insurance.

Since many of these men were earning £5 a week in other trades before the war, they cannot be accused of war profits.

£2-a-Week Miners

Later on, no doubt, we shall be told that miners are buying grand pianos and drinking champagne. Remember the last war's rumour about their extravagance?

Durham wage bills inspected by JOHN BULL give a return of £14 14s. 1d. for a gang of six men working five shifts in seams two feet high—just over £2 a week each, despite their rise of 1s. 5d. a day.

Dundonald's Plan

"Bring out the Dundonald Plan and win the war quickly!" The old cry is being raised again, as in the last war.

The "Plan" dates back to 1855. Later Lord Dundonald was supposed to have conceived a weapon that would immediately end the South African War; it was considered too terrible to use.

Too Inhuman!

Historians believe he suggested burning sulphur on a large scale during the siege of Sebastopol; that the Government rejected it on the grounds of inhumanity.

Anyhow, it wouldn't have been a new idea.

Sulphur and pitch were burned in the Peloponnesian War, 431 to 404 B.C.—the first poison gas attacks.

The present Lord Dundonald says that the so-called "Plan" never existed, was merely a rumour.

So, if people think it might finish off the Nazis in a couple of weeks, you'll know the answer.

Grave Military Decision!

West End leather merchants are pleased with the War Office. Officers must now wear the cross-belt with their Sam Brownes to prevent the belt from sagging under the weight of the revolver holster.

Good for the leather business, but not so good for the pockets of junior officers trying to live only on Service pay.

War Office is constantly changing its mind on the subject. One month it orders that a sword "frog" must be attached to the belt, next month it bans the "frog."

One month it bans the cross-belt, next month it makes it compulsory.

Hasn't it anything else to do?

And Those Gaiters!

Eastern Command orders its troops to wear a ridiculous little gaiter round the ankles of battle dress.

Supposed to be in the interests of smartness and discipline, it makes the troops look absurd and provides a new excuse for Army oaths.

Some new generals have curious ideas about helping Tommy to be proud of Army life.

They'd be more helpful if they stopped the petty meanness of making Tommy buy his own cleaning materials for Service equipment—and his badges!

Why This Unfairness!

A young corporal was killed near Winchester.

Three days later his parents, in Yorkshire, were notified by letter. A day later, on Saturday evening, they were informed by telegram of the date of funeral.

There were no evening trains. They travelled thirteen hours on Sunday, arriving in time for the funeral.

They would have preferred their only boy to be buried in their home town, but there was no time.

Says the father: "Why do they delay?"

Why, indeed?

What About Parents!

Sir Francis Fremantle, M.P., wants official action against the young girls—many of them aged sixteen and seventeen—who loiter near Army camps.

The Home Secretary is wisely asking local authorities to appoint more women police.

But should the girls' parents escape censure and penalty?

Nation's Scallywags

Penalties for looting must certainly be revised. Fines are not sufficient retribution for the riff-raff who find air raid damage a chance for enrichment.

A new chance for theft has arisen in Yorkshire from the felling of trees for war purposes. A whole village appears to be concerned in the theft of timber, which is carted away openly.

Every nation has a minority of scallywags—and war brings out the worst in them.

Sailors on the "Dole"

Crews of commandeered ships are being paid off and forced on the "dole," with little chance of finding work, even though they have had a good deal of recent experience at manning the guns to defeat raiders.

Why not enlist them in the R.N.R. and let them carry on the good work?

BRITAIN UNDER FIRE . . .

NATION-WIDE experience of enemy air raids has now tested the courage and the discipline of the British public. And the test has been well met.

The entire system of our air raid precautions has also passed the same test with credit, but here, as was only to be expected, certain changes are being made, or will soon have to be made, to cope with changing circumstances.

For we have the autumn and the winter before us, and the chances are that we shall be continually, and perhaps increasingly, raided all through the darkening months.

Let us not be dismayed by this prospect. Let us remember, rather, that Britain is under fire and that we must all regard ourselves as "front line" troops.

American journalists here have been impressed by the courage and commonsense of the men and women of these islands.

"JOHN BULL" TOOK THESE QUALITIES FOR GRANTED.

WE *KNEW* THAT THE GOVERNMENT COULD TRUST THE PEOPLE, BUT WE STILL WONDER WHETHER IT DOES NOT COUNT TOO MUCH UPON THEIR PLUCK AND TOO LITTLE UPON THEIR COMMONSENSE.

FREE MEN AND FREE WOMEN DO NOT RESENT NECESSARY DISCIPLINE, BUT THEY LIKE TO HAVE THEIR DUTY CLEARLY DEFINED AND EXPLAINED TO THEM.

Unlike the Germans, they claim the right, not only to be told what is expected of them, but also *why* it is expected.

And the Ministry of Home Security (and the Air Ministry) has been inclined to leave too many "whys" unanswered.

* * *

FROM every part of the country JOHN BULL has been receiving questions about air raid warnings and precautions.

Readers have wanted to know why there have been so many warnings with no bombs dropped; so many bombs dropped with no warnings at all.

They don't feel satisfied with Sir John Anderson's plain statement that certain risks must be taken, and that warnings cannot be issued in every district every time a few enemy aircraft pass over.

JOHN BULL appreciates and approves this point of view.

WE REALISE THAT OCCASIONAL LOCAL CASUALTIES ARE LESS DAMAGING TO THE COUNTRY THAN WIDESPREAD AND FREQUENT INTERRUPTION OF WORK AND SLEEP.

BUT WE THINK THAT THE GOVERNMENT'S GENERAL POLICY NEEDS TO BE MORE CLEARLY STATED, AND THAT THE SYSTEM OF AIR RAID WARNINGS SHOULD BE CONSTANTLY REVIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF FRESH EXPERIENCE.

Above all, each section of the public ought to be told when to "carry on" and when to seek cover.

In many essential industries the workers *are* carrying on to-day calmly and efficiently long after the first sirens have been sounded.

Local "spotters" warn them of immediate danger, and they do not go down to their shelters until they have received that final warning.

This is by no means a general rule or practice.

It may have to become so, lest Hitler's "nuisance raids" should achieve their object of interrupting the war effort.

THIS IS THE CRUX OF THE WHOLE AIR RAID PROBLEM.

WHATEVER HAPPENS, GREAT BRITAIN CANNOT AFFORD TO SLOW UP PRODUCTION OF AIRCRAFT AND GUNS AND MUNITIONS.

IF SOME WORKERS MUST DIE TO INSURE THE CONTINUOUS OUTPUT OF THESE THINGS, THEN THEY MUST DIE. THEIR LIVES ARE NO MORE SACRED THAN THE LIVES OF MEN IN UNIFORM.

What is more, British workers, both men and women, can understand and appreciate this position.

They *are* ready to regard themselves as front-line troops. They *are* willing to take all necessary risks.

But they want an authoritative lead.

They are not satisfied with local agreements as between employers and employed.

Up to the present, the only official guidance that has been given is to the effect that all should take cover when the warning sounds.

The guidance is utterly inadequate.

Recently, some of London's busmen have "carried on" during warnings, while others, probably no less courageous, have sought shelter.

There was no clear ruling as to what they ought to do.

Sir John Anderson, or perhaps even the Premier himself, would do well to give us this clear ruling forthwith.

LET US BE TOLD THAT THE GOVERNMENT EXPECTS EVERY WORKER IN A RESERVED OCCUPATION TO "CARRY ON" WITH HIS WORK AS LONG AS HIS EMPLOYERS AND HIS FELLOW-WORKERS ARE AGREED TO DO SO.

Let us be given a definition of the worker's necessary war risks; of the compensation that may be expected when there are casualties; of the rates of pay that may be claimed and the overtime that can properly be demanded.

And let the rest of us clearly understand what the Government considers to be *our* duty during the frequent emergencies of air warfare.

We must try to get used to air raids.

We must learn to adapt our lives to this new peril and this special "nuisance."

Somehow we must contrive not only to do our ordinary work in spite of Nazi bombers, but also to obtain reasonable rest so that our efficiency is maintained.

This applies not only to the general public, but also, and more particularly, to all who are engaged in the A.R.P. services.

These devoted workers, paid and unpaid alike, have responded magnificently to the call for action. But too many of them are overworked.

In some districts there is a grave shortage of air raid wardens. In almost all districts there are not enough men wardens.

THIS SHORTAGE SHOULD BE REMEDIED, BY COMPULSION IF NECESSARY.

WARDENS AND ALL OTHER A.R.P. WORKERS MUST BE GIVEN REASONABLE PERIODS OF REST

JOHN BULL advocates the introduction of a new "shift system," or, failing that, a variety of such special calls as the "home buzzer," with which the authorities are already experimenting.

It is designed to call wardens to duty only upon strict emergency.

* * *

OUR correspondence files bristle with questions about other particular aspects of A.R.P.; about the conduct of private citizens and the sometimes strange ways of local authorities.

We hear of Anderson shelters that are flooded, and unserviceable because there is no cement or labour available to put them in order, and of others that are not wanted by their original owners, yet cannot be handed over to families in urgent need of them.

From long experience, "John Bull" finds it easy to sort out the wheat from the chaff.

We can distinguish readily between the genuine grievance and the plain "grouse." And we are not in the habit of making mountains out of molehills.

Nevertheless, the essence of the national resolve to smash "Hitlerism" is distilled from the will of ordinary people. No British Government can ever be stronger than the confidence of the public which supports it

That is why we stress the need for a clearer and fuller statement of government policy about the whole question of air raids and air raid precautions.

Hitler's bombers will never shake the confidence of the British public nor undermine its dogged will to victory.

But we understand and sympathise with the general desire to be given a strong lead through the coming months.

For if this country "expects every man to do his duty," then every man in the country should know exactly what his duty is.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

THE HUMAN MACHINE

How Brave Can You Be?

COURAGE is on parade!

The world is being shown that when the test comes there are no limits to the capabilities of a human spirit that is not afraid to draw on its reserves.

Yet Courage—like Truth—has many aspects.

There is probably no other quality in which the average person is so lacking in some respects.

Physical bravery is within the grasp of most.

It is courage of another sort that is not so common.

Indeed, it is not courage of an heroic type that is most needed in the world: it is courage of a more everyday type.

It is the courage to be honest, the courage to be truthful, the courage to be what we are, and not pretend to be otherwise.

It is the courage to do what is right, when once the right is known, the courage to oppose wrong, the courage to stand alone—if need be in defence of duty.

All these aspects of courage call for more resolution than mere physical courage.

Above all, there is the courage implied in the word "decision": courage to see a project through to the end; courage to carry out what so often remains just a pious intention; courage to stand firmly on a given course.

There is the courage necessary to enable us to do nothing, to just go on doing our daily routine, to keep completely normal when every fibre of our being is shrieking for excitement.

It is not easy to create any of these aspects of courage.

Only those with trained wills, those whose self-discipline is of some account, can do it readily.

But everyone can learn to do it. And there is no more urgent duty to-day.

Europe's New No.1 City

Lights burn brightly in Lisbon, new Europe's centre of international affairs and the clearing-house of war's human problems

By HARRY GREGSON

WHILE millions of Europeans take cover in blacked-out cities beneath the terror that Hitler has imposed on civilisation, one of Europe's capitals stands out like an oasis in a desert.

It is the city of Lisbon.

There the lights burn brightly along miles of wharves and terraces of white houses. There elegantly dressed diplomats and bare-footed fishwives rub elbows among the crowds that throng the boulevards.

One man's loss is always another's gain, so Lisbon is on the way to becoming the first city of Europe.

Indeed, neutral Portugal is bound to be this war's centre for international affairs and a clearing-house of war's human problems.

To the east is Spain, where suspicion and hardship still linger from a long civil war. Beyond Spain is Italy, forced into war by Hitler's henchman, Mussolini.

North-east of Portugal is the enigma of blockaded France, teeming in the unoccupied portion with intrigue and in the German-occupied territory with Nazi soldiers.

On Lisbon, therefore, we rely for news of what is happening in the dictator-ruled countries.

Refugees from Holland, Belgium and France, unable to make their way across the mine-infested waters of the North Sea and English Channel, try to get to Lisbon to escape the Nazi terror.

Swedish business men, wishing to return to their own country from Britain, make Lisbon the starting-point of their trans-Continental trip.

Besides, the city is the one remaining neutral channel in Western Europe (except Spain, whose policy is non-belligerent rather than neutral) between the warring nations.

It is linked by air services to Madrid, Vichy, Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin and Rome. Very convenient for the diplomats of Europe!

It is the terminus, too, of the American trans-Atlantic Clipper service.

The 17,000 Englishmen, Spaniards, Americans and Germans who form the normal foreign colony of Lisbon have now been joined by Nazi agents, British journalists and contraband officials.

Belgian, Dutch and French refugees bring with them valuable information of affairs in Germany. Many of them leave for Rio de Janeiro, to rebuild their fortunes in the New World.

SO great is the demand for air passages between Britain and Lisbon that the recently augmented service is booked up for weeks ahead.

The Nazis, who maintain a significantly large staff in the city, buttonhole neutral visitors from Britain to find out the effect of Hitler's air "blitzkrieg" on British nerves.

Naturally, too, they want to know all about our defences and sailings from British ports.

Their Legation, on top of the hilly Rua de Ariaga, could be very useful. It overlooks the magnificent harbour, crowded with foreign ships.

Women tourists go sight-seeing while their husbands do business in this European clearing-house

But for the precautions taken by the British Intelligence Service and Admiralty, many a useful message would be transmitted from Lisbon to the U-boats that slip into the near-by Spanish ports of Bilbao and Santander for refuelling!

After the occupation of France, the Nazis found a new use for Lisbon. They began dumping hundreds of thousands of pound notes, seized from the vaults of French banks.

THIS move was speedily countered by prohibiting travellers between British Empire ports and Portugal from taking more than £10 into or out of Portugal.

As a result, speculators who bought large quantities of sterling from the Germans have lost heavily. The value of pound notes stolen by the Nazis is now only the equivalent of five shillings—and is likely to disappear altogether in the near future.

But speculators in foreign currency are increasing greatly in numbers.

Refugees bring Belgian and French francs, Dutch guilders, Norwegian kroner and other currencies to Lisbon. In no other city of Europe is there such a variety of foreign banknotes.

There is also a profitable business with Spanish currency.

During the Spanish Civil War, many millions of Spanish currency notes were deposited abroad by the Republican Government.

General Franco has prohibited travellers from bringing such notes into Spain, but for those willing to take the risk there are means of smuggling them in.

Letters to British prisoners in Germany, letters to Nazi prisoners-of-war in Britain, complications arising from property left in Nazi-occupied countries, queries regarding relatives of broken-up homes all over Europe, must go through Lisbon.

Cargo ships between the British Empire and Portugal run almost normally, thanks to the British Navy.

But Britain keeps a close watch on contraband. So do the Portuguese, who practically confine their business to "safe currency" countries. They have no faith in German marks or Italian lire.

Lisbon is also the centre of an immense Nazi propaganda service, which floods the newspaper offices with news from the official German News Agency. But the Portuguese know that between their Empire and Hitler's voracious territorial appetite lies only the power of Britain, and they take all Nazi propaganda with a pinch of salt.

Portugal is Britain's oldest Ally, the alliance dating since 1373, and the community of interests between the two countries is too great to permit any but fleeting success to Nazi propaganda.

Our diplomatic representation has recently been reinforced by the appointment of popular, good-looking Sir Noel Charles, former Minister in Rome, to assist Sir Walford Selby, the Ambassador.

A witty, shrewd man of forty-eight, his clear brain has been sharpened by contact with totalitarian methods both in Moscow, where he served for three years, and in Rome.

German business men in Lisbon are not nearly so arrogant as the Nazi Legation staff.

FOR Lisbon is a cosmopolitan town where the immense strength and ramifications of British power can be appreciated, and since the failure of the first air "blitzkrieg," the German colony has ceased prophesying victory for Hitler.

Lisbon is proud of its crowded streets, increasing international traffic and its new-found importance.

But the crowds who stroll in the sunny evening air along the straight, broad avenues—the Avenue of Liberty is a mile long and 300 feet wide—are also conscious that their peace may not last.

The area of Portugal and her colonies is equal to the area of Spain, France, England and Germany combined. A rich prize for a would-be World Conqueror.

But of one thing the half-million cheerful people of Lisbon are convinced.

Their capital, which has flourished through Phœnician, Roman, Moor and Spanish rule, and has survived an earthquake that killed 30,000 citizens, will continue to exist and flourish long after Hitler has been forgotten.

LIARS' HEYDAY

BRITAIN is engaged in two major wars: against Nazi Germany, and against her own Liars.

It is difficult to know yet which is the more dangerous.

Here are three rumours circulated in the London area last week:

Rumour 1: "A huge new red-brick church, only three years old, has been hit by an aerial torpedo at R——. Nothing but a pile of bricks is left."

JOHN BULL found the church intact.

But a "dud" bomb had dropped nearly half a mile away on a tiny galvanised-iron mission hall remote from the church and any other building.

Rumour 2: A public-house at E—— has been blown to bits. Another nearby has nine delayed-action bombs waiting to go off. The area has been roped off for miles around.

JOHN BULL **found that a fuse-cap from a British shell had dropped somewhere between the two houses, not within 250 yards of either. No bomb had dropped within five miles.**

Rumour 3: The big store of Messrs. ——, at Blank, a London suburb, has been blown sky-high.

A JOHN BULL **representative walked round its many departments without finding a single employee who had heard a bomb drop, except at a distance of some miles.**

One suburban hotel was hit by a bomb, and the fabric damaged.

The landlord said:

"More than seven hundred people, to my knowledge, claim to have left my place a few seconds before the bomb hit it—yet my bars have never held more than a hundred customers.

"There were three cars in my car-park when the bomb fell. Yet the cars supposed to have drawn out of that car-park just before we were bombed would have filled Trafalgar Square ten times."

Investigating a report that a German submarine, sailing up a British river, had shelled a somewhat important port, JOHN BULL found that one small German bomb had done 25s. worth of damage to some timber.

A Government official said:

"When a Midlands town was hit by several bombs, killing fewer than five people and doing small damage to property, of 2,000 stories in the neighbouring town, every single one was wildly exaggerated.

"Every lie emanated from two or three initial lies told by people pretending that they had been running grave risks."

Silly vanity makes people start these stories.

A few of the Liars who find these are great days for boasting should hear British bombing crews, back from Germany, giving accounts of their exploits.

If they are only 95 per cent. sure that they have achieved what they set out to do, they do not claim success.

It may mean that some huge German factory has been blown up, but the public is never told anything about it.

Lies have a more terrific recoil than any big gun.

Goebbels is going to feel the full force of that recoil.

So, to a smaller extent, will the Liars—the people who pretend to know, pretend they have been running huge risks—when the truth prevails.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I warn you that the anger of Parliament and public is mounting high against the Bank of England.

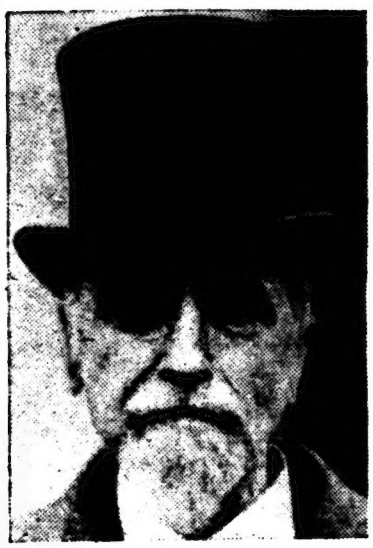
It has been brought to a peak by the case of Leon Argenti, who last week was fined more than £15,000 for currency offences.

"He acted like a rat," said the magistrate. "It would be interesting to know why the Bank of England made an exception in favour of this rich, influential financier."

Indeed, we must be given a full explanation why regulations were waived to deprive the country of valuable securities. That is demanded by a public already irked by the case of Gracie Fields, who also was allowed to send money abroad.

Besides, there has long been cause to criticise the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and her governor — silk-hatted and bearded Mr. Montagu Norman.

There was the dismissal of Sir William Firth from the chairmanship of a great steel company, for reasons yet to be explained, in which the Bank had an important interest.



Mr. Montagu Norman

The Bank is increasing the deposits of the joint-stock banks. But the extra profits are not going to the Treasury.

The Bank's directors, far from sharing the nation's sacrifices, are being paid an extra £30,000 a year.

We are not even allowed to know who are the men controlling the bank rate—the dictators who decide how much the Government and industry must pay for borrowing idle money!

In short, Mr. Norman and his fellow-directors still seem to rule finance without Government check or supervision.

Mr. Attlee has promised banking control. But how much longer must we wait?

For years the Labour Party has had a plan for converting the Bank of England into a public corporation on the lines of the B.B.C.

The joint-stock banks, too, should be placed under Treasury supervision, thus ending the scandal of the State having to borrow money at dear rates.

Conservative M.P.s as well as the Labour Party are now convinced of the need for immediate steps in this direction.

The Bank of England, for so long the master of British finance, must now be made its servant.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ESSENDON,
Chairman, Furness Withy and Co., Ltd.

MY LORD,—I hope you voice the feelings of all shipowners in declaring that the shipping industry has no thoughts of making profits from the war.

Its first purpose is to contribute the maximum effort towards the country's eventual victory.

Other industrial leaders, please copy!—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I know by experience that you are quick to remedy the grievances I bring to your notice. Here is one demanding instant investigation:

One battalion commander has ordered that men reporting sick must parade with full marching equipment, the weight of which might cause an ill man to collapse.

If there is a single rational reason for this order, I should like to hear it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir F. FEATHERSTON-GODLEY,
Chairman, British Legion

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—When a village near Birmingham was heavily bombed, the proprietor of the local hotel displayed this notice:

"Bombed houses on view. Admission 3d. Proceeds to British Legion Troop Comforts."

You will resent this exploitation of the distress suffered by raid victims.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Your determination to stop profiteering is well known, but is your system of control wide enough to meet the situation?

A poor man of eighty-three, living at Oldham, is typical of many who can scarcely afford to eat.

He tried to buy fish last week. All that was available was "white salmon" at 1s. 10d. a pound. Really hake, it cost about 4d. before the war.

Cabbage costs 6d., cauliflowers 8½d. As he says, the rabbit season will probably bring another ramp. It did last year.

The prices my reader quotes are even higher in some districts. The remedy? Adjust prices of all foodstuffs, and order them to be displayed in every shop!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER,
Coastguard Service

SIR,—It can only be fumbling inefficiency that forces auxiliary coastguards to wait two or even three weeks for their weekly pay.

Their wage of 50s. a week is miserable enough. How they can keep themselves and their families for weeks without it is a problem to which I have no answer.

Nor, I suspect, have you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—A Northern village is often without water for days on end. Being close to a famous military camp, it may be bombed—and the firemen forced to be idle while it is ravaged by flames.

Letters of protest by the villagers to you have merely been forwarded to the local council—and nothing done.

At a Cornish R.A.F. station water is supplied for only one hour a day, so that some men on duty cannot either wash or shave.

I have campaigned for years against Britain's rotten water system. You are apparently no more alert to the problem than your lackadaisical predecessors.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—We've heard a lot about the military tramping over crops. Here's the other side of the picture.

Essex volunteers have worked hard to protect land against aerial invasion. Now the County War Agricultural Committee, which sanctioned the work, has decided to plough the land. So the trenches must be filled up.

Put on your heaviest boots and take a flying kick at these slow-thinking muddlers!—JOHN BULL.

Bankers Must Not be Dictators

★

No Shipping Fortunes This Time!

★

Sick Men Must Carry Full Equipment

★

Coastguards Have to "Wait for Pay"

Mr. P. W. HETT,
Little Missenden, Bucks

DEAR SIR,—While admiring your generosity in providing the first memorial of the Dunkirk evacuation, I regret that it will take the form of a pair of gates for a country church.

Wood and iron are urgently needed for war purposes.

And a better memorial would be an increase to the national funds by which we shall ultimately avenge those who gave their lives on the bullet-swept beaches of Dunkirk.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. CLEMENT ATTLEE,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—To you, who keep an eye on all the Fighting Forces, I address this plea for an instant end of a senseless and bitter anomaly.

The young men who volunteered for the Services at the Munich Crisis are being penalised for their patriotism. Their mothers are refused a dependant's allowance because the boys could not contribute a substantial amount to their support "during the six months prior to the outbreak of hostilities."

Well, how on earth could a young soldier or sailor send his mother 10s. or 15s. a week from his Service pay? And why should he, therefore, be debarred the rights granted to conscripts?

I cannot believe that you will allow this obvious injustice to continue.—JOHN BULL.

"THEY KNOW THEY ARE GOING TO WIN"

I'VE been talking to lots of people in the last few days or so, people of every kind but all ready to take the blow that the Nazis say they have for us, this Blitzkrieg, this Crushing Defeat! But, believe me, that cuts no ice with the ordinary man in the street.

WE'VE been getting lots of warnings, and plenty of bombs and raids too, but the British are always on top of their form when they're facing up to seeing things through. Their houses may crack and crumble, their homes may in ruins lie, but they just grin and take it and say a cheer for Our Boys who Fight in the Sky.

IT'S always been thus with our nation, that's why we NEVER DESPAIR; we fight like the deuce and we go all out, but we mingle it all with a prayer. Some folk think that spells contradiction, it's a thing our foes mock and despise, for to them war is doing the worst one can and bolstering it up with LIES.

AND so with this vaunted INVASION, we can take it whenever it comes; we'll each and all of us do our bit, and up will go all our thumbs. For when the Great Darkness falls on us, of Horror unleashed from its Lair, we'll go forward with heads unbowed, for we know that THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD WILL SHINE THERE.

I'VE been talking to lots of people, and on one thing they're all agreed, that the Greatest Help will come in the Most Extreme Hour of our Need. And you just can't get down a people into whom you cannot din Defeat, and Panic, and Hopelessness, FOR THEY KNOW THEY ARE GOING TO WIN.

J. M.

BOMBER OVER GERMANY

Night after night, surging ahead relentlessly despite gunfire, enemy fighters, searchlights or difficult weather conditions, British bombers have calmly flown over Germany, plastered their objectives—and returned. This is the story of such a bomber's night journey.

By JOHN CASHEL

FIFTEEN minutes more—and off they go, just one bomber crew of hundreds who to-night will find a way through Hitler's "invincible" defence system to blast still more holes in the vital military targets of Germany.

Pilot navigator (who will also act as relief pilot), observer and bomb-aimer, radio operator, rear and front gunners are already in flying kit as the two 1,030-h.p. Rolls engines of the heavy Whitley warm up with thunderous roar.

The pilot, their captain, makes sure all have flying rations, thermos flasks, torches, as they climb through the fuselage door.

The pilot goes fore, tests his engines, instruments, lights, signs to the ground maintenance men to certify the aircraft serviceable.

Fore, too, goes the front gunner into his one-gun cubby hole in the nose.

Beneath him is the bomb-aimer's observation window, and the navigator-observer checks over his bombs before retiring to his navigating table behind the pilot's cabin.

With him at the table sits the radio operator.

To the tail goes the rear gunner, crawling through a steel door about 2 ft. square into his cramped, glassy, four-gun turret.

With earphones on, they test their private telephone system—they call it "intercom."—by which they can talk to each other in the air.

That is the lay-out of this flying family, and thus, except when the pilot and his relief change duties, they will stay for the flight, often from dusk till dawn.

The fuselage door slams.

The captain opens his engine throttles and the giant aircraft turns into the wind.

It is gone.

On an average trip, unsurpassed skill of man and superiority of machine will see these five through the stress and strain and safely home again.

The fighter pilot's brilliant exploit is soon over.

The night bomber's ordeal is spread over long hours, with the ever-present possibility that the return journey over the sea may have to be undertaken in a crippled 'plane with slightly or mortally wounded comrades.

It is a moonlit, starlit night.

Good for target spotting.

Good, too, for the enemy's "ack-ack" gunners.

As the bomber passes out over the English coast, the radio operator receives his first incoming call from home base.

It directs a slight change of course to their Ruhr objective, that vital life-line the Dortmund-Ems canal. He passes the message to the navigator.

Fifty-three minutes from the start they are approaching a Dutch port at 8,000 ft. under a cloud-bank that obscures what light moon and stars might have thrown on the port below.

OVERBOARD go the Verey lights. Far below they burst into brilliant colours, illuminating a new concentration of barges and other small enemy craft, and providing information that within a few hours will send another bomber over.

The same reconnaissance method is adopted ten miles further on.

An aerodrome, thickly edged with aircraft, is observed.

The navigator logs down all he sees, marks a position on his map.

Searchlights probe the sky.

They have a certain formation: the crews are too zealous to get their prey. It is the same formation already observed by another bomber

This knowledge helps the navigator to check his position.

Back at the base, the Intelligence Officer had seen to that.

So far, only the gunners have had time to dip into their flying rations for chocolate, an orange, a sandwich, or for hot coffee.

Then the searchlights catch the raider in their glare, and pom-pom bursts come uncomfortably near.

"Going up to 15,000!" warns the pilot through "intercom."

Inevitably, out comes the chewing-gum.

Working the jaws alleviates the feeling that ears will burst through the change of air pressure experienced at different heights.

The five men plug in their oxygen tubes as the pilot drives the bomber skywards.

"You all right, rear gunner?" enquires the pilot.

"O.K. Just ruddy cramped, that's all," comes the reply.

The radio operator chips in with the lament that the bomber in which smoking is permitted hasn't yet been invented.

"You'll see plenty of smoke in a few minutes—five and a bit to be exact," adds the navigator, as he leaves his mapping table for the observation window.

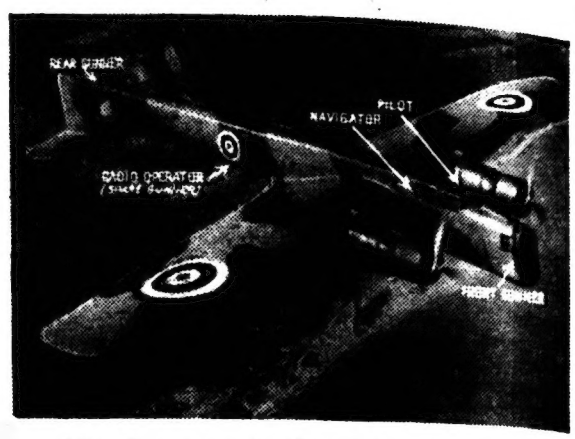
AS they approach the target, they drop to 4,000 ft., glad to get oxygen masks off again.

They are just below cloud, and fortunately it is broken. Large patches of town and countryside are moonlit, and with luck they won't need a flare-path to illuminate their objective.

In the distance a silvery snake crawls across their course.

It is the canal serving the Ruhr—Hitler's greatest munitions and industrial area. Bomb-scarred by many a British high-explosive blast, it is now to receive some more on a special target on its eastern bank.

The navigator's great moment as bomb-aimer has come.



This diagrammatic photograph of the heavy Whitley bomber shows where the five men of the flying family live during the long flight, often lasting from dawn to dusk, which takes them far over Germany—and back.

His brain must work like lightning.

Split seconds count.

He gives a direction to the pilot, who pulls a lever. Down go the bomb doors.

Lying flat over his bomb-sight, he manipulates it to set height and speed, tail drift, wind speed and direction, glances at his compass and directs the pilot a little more this way or that, glues his eyes on the two cross hair-lines in the sight till the target comes into view. . .

Up sweep the searching white fingers.

One, two find their mark, hold it. . . .

Anti-aircraft guns of every calibre open fire.

"Yes, this time, we'll risk it," the navigator coolly signals the pilot. "Steady her a bit."

Shells burst nearer, but he must not show a trace of nerve.

He sees the target come into the dead centre of the cross hair-lines . . . presses a button with his right thumb . . . bombs gone, a ton or more of them.

LOSING weight, the great bomber lurches upward and the pilot makes height at full throttle.

In less than thirty seconds the rear gunner sees a terrific tongue of flame leap up from the receding canal bank. Through "intercom.," he yells, "Got it. Dead on!"

Then, as a pom-pom crashes through the tail just behind his turret seat, he groans, "Hell, that was a near one."

"O.K., rear gunner?" shouts the captain.

"O.K., boss!"

Up she goes, five, six, eight thousand feet—into cloud.

They breathe again.

Their luck's in.

The job's done.

The navigator relieves the pilot, the flying rations come out.

Hot coffee was never more welcome.

Sandwiches. Biscuits. Chocolate.

On, on. Over that least-liked hundred and seventy-odd miles again, with nothing but sea beneath—and a pom-pom hole!

No one injured to nurse over that yawning water.

If weather-luck holds, they will be back home in an hour.

If it doesn't, they may have to cruise about over a befogged aerodrome till dawn to save risking a crash landing.

Next evening you hear, "Our bombers last night again attacked their objectives in Germany."

You've read here the nightly epic of just one of scores of them.

It is so "ordinary" that it seems nothing to make a song about.

But with a remorseless purpose it is nightly exploding Adolf's old tune about our "fair-weather" bomber boys!

WE PAY £900 MORE TO AIR RAID VICTIMS

LAST week JOHN BULL announced the payment of £600 to the victims of the war which is now developing with ever-increasing intensity over Britain. A further £900 has already been paid this week.

These payments are made under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, which has recently been extended to cover the new perils with which we are now confronted.

JOHN BULL now offers free to every reader a £200 policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion, and Bombardment, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay. Through lack of space due to the strict control of paper, it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms.

These may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL before May this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

No Pack Drill for Home Guards

Neutral observers say that the main deterrent to Nazi invasion of Britain was the sudden appearance of Britain's citizen army. Hitler's robots couldn't face the unexpected. We must not now ruin the Home Guard with regimental ties and pack drill; it must remain an army of stalwart Irregulars

By MAURICE FAGENCE

RECENTLY there have appeared in provincial newspapers some advertisements JOHN BULL hated to see.

"Wanted, instrumentalists for Home Guards band."

"Home Guards want drummers."

"Bassoon player wanted, apply Home Guards Headquarters."

And so on.

To understand this objection you must read those advertisements in conjunction with certain recent newspaper reports.

One unit of the Home Guards intends to defy the War Office ruling that this great citizen army should have no officers and no N.C.O.s.

Another has furnished its "officers" with brassards worked in red silk.

Many units are trying to emulate the Guards in drill, route marches, discipline, and spit-and-polish generally.

It all means one thing. It tells that some of the old dug-outs who have wormed their way into this spirited army of men determined to defend their country to the last ounce of effort are fighting to make a pipe-clay army of it.

Let us take a look at some of the people who would have the Home Guards clicking and stamping and blowing bassoons at a time when they would be better engaged in learning a maximum about Home Defence in a minimum of time.

One is a very great general—General Gough.

He has not wormed his way into the Home Guard in any sort of capacity. An honest man and a fine soldier, he expresses an honest opinion in soldierly fashion. But JOHN BULL loathes the sound of it.

General Gough says no army can be expected to do its stuff if it isn't properly officered, disciplined, and so on.

Now, General Gough commanded the Fifth Army in one of the greatest retreats in all history.

Mud was flung at him just because it was a retreat, but history has proved that not a speck of that dirt was deserved.

YET there is something General Gough should remember.

He has forgotten why his wonderful army was suddenly able to make a line against vastly overwhelming forces, and then fling the Germans back in a battle representing the beginning of our victory.

Units got lost, merged, broken into small parties—often without officers, even without lance-corporals.

The crisis brought natural leaders to the fore—often men without a single stripe on their arms.

On every hundred yards of the miles-long front held by the glorious Fifth Army men accepted without question the orders—if orders they could be called—of men whom they at once recognised as leaders, whatever their actual status.

That was the Home Guards' spirit! The result is told on a golden page of British history.

Let us now look at some of the men who, having wormed their way into the Home Guards, expect to be able to flaunt their badges of rank.

Most of them served in the Boer War. You might expect it!

"Damn it all!" they say, "how can you expect a man to do a thing unless commanded by a superior officer with all the weight of military law behind his word?"

We would tell them this:

If there was ever a parallel to the Home Guards it was to be found in that splendid Boer Army that puzzled our Army leaders for years—just as it would have puzzled any other generals trained on text-book methods.

General Gough forgot the Fifth Army. They are forgetting the Boers.

And they are all forgetting Spain!

If soldiers of Spain's citizen army had been compelled to train as some people would have our Home Guards trained they would have lasted out three months instead of three years.

Now we are proud of the Home Guards: the whole country is overwhelmingly proud of them.

THE only criticism of these enthusiastic Volunteers comes from Germans, who have squealed that they are "a gang of snipers whose avowed purpose is insidious murder."

There is fear behind that sneer—and that makes it something of a compliment.

Being proud of them, JOHN BULL would fight against any effort to destroy their unique characteristics.

There are people who would give them special distinguishing ties.

It isn't going to be easy to furnish the 1,300,000 of them with blankets, greatcoats, uniforms, denim overalls, and service respirators by the winter, although excellent efforts are being made to do so.

If those efforts are slowed down by any nonsense of issuing decorative ties, the country will have something to say.

"But they can *buy* their ties," say some of the people, who would even give them drum-majors if they had their way.

And that would create distinctions based on a Home Guard's ability to spend money—to which we reply:

"We are going to have no distinctions at all, least of all distinctions of money."

A lot of men are having to buy tin hats, boots and so on, because supplies aren't reaching them quickly enough. That's bad enough, without expecting them to festoon themselves out of their own pockets.

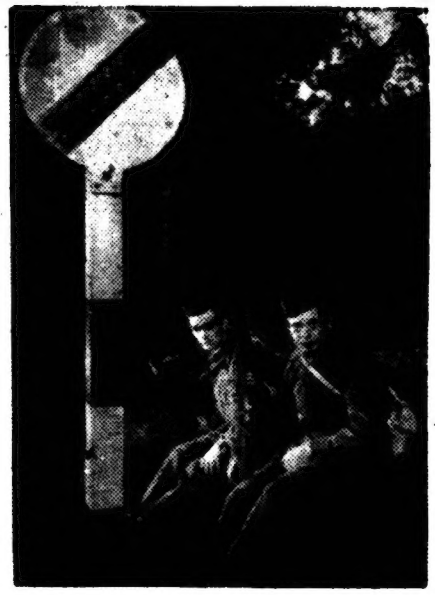
Many famous generals who are serving as Home Guard privates refuse to distinguish themselves in this way.

One is General Godley—now in charge of a platoon.

Another is Major-General Hobart, who as recently as 1937-38, was our Director of Military Training.

General Gough might like to know that both those famous soldiers are content with "the chain of command practised in the Home Guards"—say it works quite well.

We hear of Home Guards units being called on to do quite impossible route marches.



Typical of this spirited army of men determined to defend their country to the last ounce of effort, these two warriors watch the roads with soldierly vigilance

Are the people responsible for such antics aware that middle-aged men—of whom the Home Guards are mainly composed—tend to bunions?

You can have bunions and still be a first-class Irregular.

But—ask any soldier—you can't have bunions and be a first-class Regular.

To be a first-class Irregular is the Home Guard's aim.

We hear, too, of irritating supervision of men's private time.

Some hundreds of thousands of these volunteers are doing day-time jobs essential to the national effort—some of them fifteen hours of it daily.

Living at home, they are still saddled with their home responsibilities and liabilities.

Yet you'll find as leaders in the Home Guard men who, having no other work to do themselves, can't understand why their fellows can't turn up for duty—often for quite meaningless parades and ceremonial—at any hour they are asked.

MANY hundreds of armament and other firms have had to ask their staffs to leave the new citizen volunteers because quite unnecessary parts of their national defence duties leave them too tired to do their jobs properly.

While these over-eager citizens are being worn out with unnecessary parades, hundreds of thousands of strong, willing men who registered their names as willing to serve with the Home Guard, and have no work of national importance to perform, are finding there is no demand for their services.

Many fine fellows of sixty—and more—will hate us for what we are going to say next!

Many of them are going to be unfit to face the rigours of the coming winter. They may deny it, but we know. Sickness figures prove it.

The Home Guards should take the best of the several million men eager to serve—not the 1,300,000 first-comers, which, broadly speaking, was the principle followed.

In the national interests we say, and shall continue to say, that "Take the Best" is the only wise rule to follow in every branch of the war effort.

DON'T ASK SILLY QUESTIONS

By a Parashot

HE was highly indignant. British to the backbone, with two sons serving in the Armed Forces, he had been detained by the Home Guard for questioning and for an examination not only of his identity card, but also of other papers on his person.

And all because he had asked a few simple questions!

It was ridiculous, he declared.

Yet he had only himself to blame.

His "simple questions" were bound to arouse the suspicions of everyone whose job it was to safeguard this country against stab-in-the-back tactics.

There is nothing more exasperating to Home Guards than to see these innocent folk simply asking to be detained.

* * *

Here are two instances:

An elderly suburbanite, obviously out for an evening stroll, stopped at our post for a chat. These are the questions he asked:—

"How many men are there on your post?"

"Are there many other posts around here?"

"How long are you on duty?"

Foolish questions to ask, aren't they?

So foolish that you feel inclined to ask why Home Guards take notice of such people. But you must remember that it would not be difficult for a person working against this country to make himself out to be one of these strollers.

* * *

Here is my second instance:

It was getting on for midnight when we stopped a car.

Before we had time to ask to see the motorist's identity card he said, "What are these crossroads?"

Instead of answering, we demanded his identity card and car licence, both of which were in order. Then came more questions.

"Are there more Home Guard posts farther along?"

"What part is this?"

"Can I get to so-and-so if I go straight ahead?"

To make matters worse, the place he wanted was several miles *behind* him.

When this was pointed out, he explained that he was out for a drive and just wanted to get to this particular place another way round.

Although this motorist was innocent, his questions were suspicious.

He was going in the opposite direction to the place he said he wanted. Yet he explained this extraordinary fact by stating that he was out for a drive!

Who goes driving miles out of his way these days alone at midnight!

* * *

Remember the safety of the country may rest on the detection of a suspicious remark.

That is one of the Home Guard's jobs. Anyone who will ask silly questions can't blame the Home Guard if he is late for supper.

Brothers Under the Skin—3

Boys from Paradise

"AT TIMES, NEW ZEALAND IS AS NEAR PARADISE AS ANY HUMAN CAN GET," SAID THE FIGHTING NEW ZEALANDER, WHOSE STORY ADDS ANOTHER CHAPTER TO "JOHN BULL'S" SERIES INTRODUCING THE EMPIRE'S EAGER SOLDIERS

By Richard Charteris

BIG men they were, the two of them. They stood by St. Paul's Cathedral, engaged in a kerbside conference. Apart from their smart flat-brimmed, tented hats, it was the soft glance in their poker faces, the easy sure carriage, and their bearing—resolute though shy—that proclaimed their New Zealand origin.

It was their last day of leave from a southern camp.

Together we went to a nearby bar.

The taller of the two, Arthur James McQuoid—"Mack" to his friends—of dark hair and dark blue eyes, was more than six feet tall. He had large-knuckled hands.

His tanned skin was the colour of warm oak

Angus Rowe, his companion, was fair.

Although two inches shorter than McQuoid, he was sturdy, with a profile like the young Napoleon.

"England," said Angus, "it's just been one long thrill. It's always been a dream of mine—to see London, this rare old place packed with the history on which we've been built. But it's taken a world war to make that dream come true.

"It's queer how it all happened so sudden.

"I'm a taxi driver, and last September I was running a company of Americans around the lakes and hot springs of the North Island. All eager about the news from Europe, we'd got the radio on. It was midnight by our time when the news came through.

"Britain was at war with Germany.

"One of the Americans gave a long whistle

"'So it's come,' he said.

"'Excuse me, gentlemen,' I said, 'but there's a little private job I've got to do.' I turned the car back for the nearest township, hopped to the police station and registered for the duration.

"When I returned to the car, one of them asked what I'd been up to. I told them. There was a sort of a pause, then one of them kind of whispered, 'My lands! Talk about an empire! A score of Hitlers can't beat that.'

"Perhaps he'd realised for the first time what Britain meant to us, and others of her blood all over the world.

"THREE generations back my people came from Newlyn, Cornwall, and settled in the North Island of New Zealand. There's a fourth generation now—my kiddy, Brian, has just turned two.

"Once you've lived in New Zealand, you never get it out of your heart.

New Zealanders are a versatile lot. This stalwart, busy with his sewing machine, shows that life in the great wide open spaces teaches a man to be self-supporting

"At times, it's as near paradise, I think, as any human can get.

"Superb climate and scenery, too, semi-tropical and volcanic up north with glaciers like Switzerland's in the South Island. If you don't pull off the big things in New Zealand you can certainly be happy.

"I was born in Auckland, by Waitemata harbour. That's a Maori word meaning 'sparkling waters.' That's the finest waterfront in the world, though Australians claim that honour for Sydney Harbour.

"I'd had other jobs before I took to taxi driving

"First I was with the Westfield Freezing Company at Otahuhu, a suburb of Auckland. That's where I pulled up with Mack's father, although I knew nothing of Mack himself until we found ourselves under the same tent when we joined for this job over here.

"Yes, they put little Angy and me under the same canvas roof at Hopuhopu Barracks," Mack butted in, "and we're in one tent now in this country. Never met him before this war, but find out that he's an old friend of my dad's, and that both our fathers went to school together. I just had to put up with Angy after that."

"Well," said Angus, continuing his story, "I quit the Freezing Company and became a farm worker.

"But city life got me in the end.

"I went back to Auckland to become a taxi driver. That suited me down to the ground. It gave me a chance to see my own country, as though I were a tourist with money to burn.

"I used to meet incoming tourists from the big boats, and pick parties that wanted to go travelling.

"I'd take 'em first to the Rotorua River and Lakes. It's volcanic country with some staggering sights, and scenery in vast stretches of such beauty that it almost hurt to come away from it.

"Then there are the Fairy Springs, actually an immense pool of plunging fresh waters, hemmed in with semi-tropical foliage, always a-sparkle and teeming with trout.

"Rotorua itself is a beautiful modern town with every street like a main street, wider than in Auckland, which in its turn has wider streets than London.

"It's sulphur country. Even the money in your pocket turns black because of the sulphur in the air. It's a healthy place, and good for convalescents.

"A little further up is Whaka-Rewa-Rewa—Rewa means river—where you find the hot mud pools in which the Maoris can cook their food.

"It's a funny thing, but often there is a cold pool alongside one that's steaming and seething.

"FOR sheer glamour there's nothing to beat Waitomo Cave, with its myriad stalagmites and stalactites, the whole cave gleaming and shimmering, as from jewels with hearts of cold fire. They call it the Glow-Worm Cave, but Aladdin's Cave is my name for it.

"Yes, I reckon New Zealand's one of the queerest mixtures of any country.

"It's a combination of the South Sea Islands, the British countryside, and the Wild West. And it's a happy country.

"There's the United States, with its one hundred and twenty-five millions of people and its teeming and gigantic industries, possessing two-thirds of the world's gold, yet one-sixth of her population is unemployed.

"New Zealand, with fewer than two million people, is able to supply enough wool to clothe sixty-three millions for a season, and butter for forty millions.

"And unemployment is virtually unknown.

"We're a happy country all right. And the people are ruled by a high sense of personal freedom. That is what brought our men over here last time—and this time.

"When I told Pearl—that's my wife—that I'd enlisted, she agreed that it was the only thing to do.

"Perhaps she wasn't happy about it, thinking of the future and Brian, but she didn't let on.

"That's it," said Mack, "that's just the hard part, the kids and wife. There's my wife Ivy back there, and two little 'uns, Maree and Arthur.

"Yet over here we are really standing at the ready to fight for them.

"My life has run on different lines. It's been pretty varied.

"I was born on a farm at Coromandel, Auckland.

"That's the mining district where the first gold was discovered in New Zealand. I studied mining and passed out as assayer. But I never started prospecting.

"In the mining towns men worked hard from six in the morning to ten at night. They earned their money hard and spent it hard. Only the toughest could stand the life.

"When I was a kid I've seen miners on the 'beano' light cigars with £5 notes from street lamps.

"Dad went to Coromandel forty-two years ago.

"He was then twenty-two, and he struck the town at a lucky time—just before a gold-mining boom.

"There was a real rush for the mines—lawyers, doctors, clerks, labourers, chucked their jobs for the great gamble. Thousands never made it, but a few did. But Dad had the sure end of the stick.

"We went contracting, carting the quartz from the shafts to the batteries for extraction.

"He made enough to buy a small piece of ground and a home, marry and rear a family of fourteen. So that gold rush was responsible for my being in London.

"WHEN I was twenty-one I decided to leave mining and go team-driving. After a few years of that I switched to the oilfields in the Taranaki district.

"That's where I reckon there's neglected opportunities for British capital. There's high grade oil and plenty of it, though undeveloped, like our unscratched mineral wealth.

"But I wanted to settle down.

"A chance of managing an hotel came my way, and I took it, to become a real family man.

"Then the call from the Old Motherland came. I knew only one way in which it could be answered, the same as Angy here and the rest of our bunch. So we crossed the four oceans, the Tasman Sea, the Pacific, Indian and Atlantic oceans, and here we are ready for anything."

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on page 22 to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

RECENTLY discharged from a hospital in which he had been a patient for three months, Henry Reynolds, a sixty-eight-year-old ex-Service man, of North London, is now facing a strange new world trying to make a fresh start.

A carpenter's labourer, he has been unemployed since May, and his rent of ten shillings a week is six weeks in arrears.

A childless widower, and alone in the world, he has appealed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund for help while he is trying to find work again.

His former employer speaks well of him, and he is putting up a brave, uncomplaining fight in adverse circumstances.

Those readers who feel the urge to help him should send donations to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, earmarked "68."

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who contribute anonymously.

ROUND UP ARMY DODGERS!

MAJOR SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, M.P., has raised some phases of this scandal in Parliament

AN army of fit young men has yet to be mobilised for Britain—a small army of shirkers.

Taking the country as a whole, men of fighting age have risen to the occasion as one expected them to do.

The dodgers are in the minority, but the scandal is nevertheless one which must be tackled quickly.

Dodging of military service, indeed, has become one of the worst scandals of this war.

Selfish Parents

I am appalled by the instances brought to my notice every week. I am disgusted by the selfishness of some parents; the artfulness of many employers.

The authorities, determined to find the offenders, have been quick to use information supplied by JOHN BULL.

With the co-operation of my readers, we shall defeat the trickery of cowards and crooks.

There can be no question that many occupations should be "reserved." The civilian engaged in vital war work is doing a job no less important than that of the soldier, sailor or airman.

But the "reserved" list offers a wide field for the unscrupulous.

Lied Their Way

Butcher "boys" have flocked to steelworks. Bookmakers' clerks have lied their way into munition factories. Salesmen have suddenly discovered a long "experience" of radio engineering.

How curious the recent rush "back to the land"!

One man deserted from the Army, and found work with a friend on a farm.

The Union of Agricultural Workers knows of farmers and rich parents who have taken sons from city jobs and arranged for them to be farm foremen.

Some people have bought or rented farms for this purpose.

Young men have been given office-boy jobs, supposed to be of "national importance," by relatives.

Other evaders get themselves reported as "missing from home."

A smaller number of healthy but faint-hearted men have invented urgent business abroad and succeeded in leaving the country.

Typical is the writer who obtained an exit permit and reached the United States.

I have quietly drawn official attention to many instances where employees have been threatened with dismissal unless, when registering for military service, they give a false description of their work.

Favourite dodge is for the employer to assure the employment exchange officials that a man is a costing clerk engaged on war contracts.

Actually, the man is an ordinary clerk dealing with non-essential branches of the firm's work.

Labourers, still engaged on tasks that could be postponed until after the war, are told to register themselves as mechanics or precision fitters.

"Favourites" Transferred

One firm in London undertakes important Government contracts.

Men favoured by the management are transferred to this section, even though they are unskilled.

It is not uncommon for an employer to feign illness, declare that the business is being handed over to his son, and thus secure the young man's exemption.

Store clerks are promoted to "electricians"; timekeepers are given the title of "transport supervisors."

So the racket goes on.

Crooks are finding in it a new chance for reaping easy money.

One gang of polished scoundrels extracts big fees for helping men to evade the Services.

It is alleged that doctors have been bribed to inject drugs that suggest heart disease or epilepsy so that men are likely to be rejected by the call-up doctors.

Scotland Yard detectives are making investigations that will shortly result in sensational developments.

The Military Recruiting Department of the Ministry of Labour, enquiring into complaints forwarded by my staff, has rooted out many dodgers.

Many remain undetected, to shame a country fighting for its existence!

They Must be Helped

MY appeal for Government help for people ruined through evacuation from defence areas is, I am glad to say, meeting with official approval.

From all parts of the country I am receiving letters urging me to carry on the campaign in the hope of getting speedy compensation for those in need.

As I have already pointed out, the victims are expected to wait, for the most part, until after the war before their claims can be even considered by the State.

* * *

One influential Member of Parliament is helping me in my efforts, while others are supplying me with instances of hardship in their constituencies.

Here are some instances that show how pathetic is the plight of some of them:

A man with £16,000 invested in house property in an evacuated seaside town has been ruined.

He now has a bank overdraft of £4,000.

His houses are empty; his income has gone.

He will have to apply to Public Assistance Committee for help.

* * *

An ex-officer, evacuated from Folkestone and now living at Gloucestershire, writes:

"It was not my fault that the Germans got to Boulogne, about twenty-four miles from my front door at Folkestone.

"We hung on as long as we could because we could not afford to move.

"A friend, a General, urged me to take my wife and family away from Folkestone.

"I had to borrow £66 to pay for removal and other expenses.

"My landlord, who has gone to Guildford for safety, expects me to go on paying rent on a house in which I cannot live.

"Obviously, I cannot pay rents for two houses and go on paying for the education of my children.

"What can I do?

"Meantime, I cannot pay the £25 due for rent next month."

In many evacuated seaside towns 75 per cent. of the population has been evacuated, with the result that the whole burden of the towns' expenditure on social services is thrown on the remaining 25 per cent.

Yet all incomes have been severely reduced by war time conditions.

This means that rates in many of these towns will be increased to 50s. in the £1—to be borne by individuals who have already suffered considerably through the war.

* * *

One advocate urges that any deficiency in local revenue arising from war conditions should be considered as a national rather than a local charge.

I agree, and think that the Government should consider this matter one of extreme urgency.

Then there is the problem of people evacuated from defence area towns who are buying their house through a building society.

They must pay rent—and instalments.

The moratorium does not help them much since the debt to the building society just accumulates until the end of the war. Also, rates for unoccupied houses may then be demanded if the evacuated people return—unless fresh legislation is in the meantime introduced.

And the plight of local councils gets worse.

Revenue has been greatly reduced by evacuation.

The amount of unpaid rates increases every month.

I repeat what I said before—the Government must think again!

Guinea for Public Benefactor

MR. ROBERT MILNER, Fifth Avenue, Heworth, York, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He provided me with some very useful information about a case in which I am particularly interested.

Write to me about any matter needing investigation. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

New Home Work Dodge: "Wounded" Beggars Prey on Generous: Women as War's Worst Shylocks

BECAUSE I have lately denounced so many home-employment "Specialists," who are very active nowadays, some of their number are being forced to change their tactics.

They are finding it increasingly difficult to advertise openly, so are now trying to obtain clients through attractive offers made under unrevealing Box numbers.

National newspapers are growing wise to some of the worst of these pests!

* * *

LIMPING or carrying their arms in slings, crooks are now calling on people noted for their generosity, pretending to have been disabled in the Dunkirk withdrawal, and asking for loans to "tide them over till their pension comes through."

One such rogue, at Liverpool, defrauded a woman who helped him and finally decamped with banknotes stolen from her desk.

Police records show that an unusual number of these "wounded soldiers" are in the "wanted" lists.

* * *

WAR time Shylocks, many of them women, are busy. Before me are the stories of women, soldiers' wives in most instances, who have foolishly borrowed money at wicked rates of interest.

One woman borrowed £5, still owes £3, and has paid back more than £4. The usurer increases the rate of interest if instalments are not paid by threatening to disclose the transaction to a husband.

It is a wicked business.

* * *

ALL manner of dubious movements are appearing with the avowed object of providing comforts for troops.

Some call themselves leagues, welfare movements, charitable bodies and advice bureaux, and among other things, in return for a fee or subscription, offer information about people who were last heard of on the Continent or abroad.

Send your money only to reputable charities.

* * *

OTHER housewives have been duped by linoleum crooks.

A Hexham woman has just been robbed of £1 by men who pretended that after laying linoleum at a near-by mansion they had a strip twelve yards square left over.

They sold her cheap oilcloth.

Pick's the Man to Choose

By HANNEN SWAFFER

FRANK PICK, now Director-General of the Ministry of Information, with full powers to sack, can now Pick and choose among quite a lot of people.

In the Chamberlain days, when the Ministry had only 999 on its staff, it housed all sorts of professors and clergymen, doctors of this, that and the other, historians, musicians, archæologists, everybody, indeed, except people who understand propaganda.

Some were still there when Pick arrived, and its staff, even when he exercised his "sacking" powers, still numbered more than a thousand.

In the beginning many strange things happened at the Ministry.

The Director of the National Gallery, originally in charge of films, started his career there by upsetting Wardour Street.

One man wrote thousands of words describing the Labour Party's attitude towards Finland!

The Dread Secret

Even when France had collapsed, another "official" wanted me to write a pamphlet on how William Prynne fought for liberty—in the days of Charles I!

They published everything except news.

That was kept a dread secret by the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Air Ministry.

Well, I hope Frank Pick will succeed in disentangling Duff-Cooper from some of the cords that strangle him.

Apparently he cannot do it alone.

Diplomats, out of work because their legations and embassies were in German hands, found easy jobs at the Ministry of Information.

They were the last people to be given the job of handling propaganda of the modern kind.

Most of our diplomats abroad merely have tea with the upper classes, kiss hands with rich landlords' wives and behave like tabby-cats. They go to bed in tall hats.

Underground Methods

To-day, subversive propaganda must be used abroad.

Parties on the verge of revolt must be encouraged.

The Foreign Office has never believed in revolutions. It prefers to use underground methods.

And as Frank Pick earned £10,000 a year on the Underground, until he retired with a big pension—well, I hope he will encourage it!

Pick earned £2,500 in his new job.

Born at Spalding, Lincolnshire, he was the son of a farmer.

Although articled to a solicitor, he joined the old North-Eastern Railway, and he so impressed Sir George Gibb that, when his chief went to the Underground Group in 1906, he took Pick with him.

In the Underground Railway, and afterwards on the London Passenger Transport Board, Pick was a man of action.

And he did more to encourage young artists than any other man in the world of industry.

Helping Artists

He gave London its famous Underground posters, some of them quite modern in style; many of them the last sort of posters you would expect a man like Pick to choose.

Anyway, they had a great effect on poster advertising.

Pick's underground offices became an art gallery, filled with impressive originals.

Frank Pick's strange hobby was photographing London's street corners, and then trying to persuade local authorities to remove the sandbins, notices, lamp-posts, pillar-boxes and other things dumped on them.

He found many revoltingly ugly corners in the East End, corners which, to his view, had "real character" when they had been cleaned up a bit.

Frank Pick campaigned against sky-writing.

He did much to preserve the rural beauties of England, although Spalding, Lincolnshire, has few of them except at bulb time.

He also fought for the twenty-four-hour clock.

They Need Drive

Well, they needed his drive at the Ministry of Information.

When he went there they were still trying to find jobs for a staff that had been hired to read the Continental newspapers that were gradually suppressed as the Terror spread.

While the Goebbels lie-machine was working at high pressure in the United States, the Ministry of Information continued to hire assistants who were only capable of pouring out tea for pleasant Americans.

Anyway, Pick started.

Angry with the way in which American correspondents had their stories about air raids delayed for hours after the German versions had arrived in the offices in the United States, he made changes.

Then he started his comb-out.

I hope that by now it will have saved you and me a lot of money.

OUR PUN

WITH Hitler's original scheme baulked at the Straits of Dover, he has to invent an entirely new plan of campaign.

If his tornado on the Continent had swept Britain into his net, the rest of his task would have been child's play. He could have mopped up South-Eastern Europe at his leisure.

Through his jackal he would have had the command of the Mediterranean. Spain would have been his feudatory, and the swastika would have been supreme over Africa.

Irak would have given him the oil for which his vast war machine thirsts.

The road to India would have been open, and almost unobstructed. He would simply have had to walk in and take possession.

And, of course, the seas would have been his, and the Americas would have been his. For the only safeguard of the independence of the American continent would have gone with the surrender of the British Fleet.

All this would have happened if we had gone down, as Hitler and Mussolini expected we should go down, in sheer panic at the shameful surrender of France to her enemies.

But we did not go down, and these things have not happened.

I venture to predict that they will not happen.

FOR TEN WEEKS SINCE THE FALL OF FRANCE—TEN PRICELESS WEEKS FOR US—HITLER HAS BEEN HALTING BETWEEN THE WEST AND THE EAST.

FOILED BY OUR SEA POWER, THE MARVELLOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR AIR ARM, AND, NOT LEAST, THE INSPIRING LEADERSHIP OF MR. CHURCHILL, HE HAS, SO FAR, FUNKED A FRONTAL ATTACK WITH A GREAT ARMADA.

The only alternative is a plunge eastward. If he cannot destroy us at home, he must try to destroy us by lopping off our limbs abroad. That was Napoleon's idea when he set out to conquer India, and met his fate at the Battle of the Nile.

IT is in pursuit of this idea that Hitler has been so busy during these ten weeks in trying to smash up the Balkan *bloc*, what time his creature Mussolini threatens us in Egypt and in the Eastern Mediterranean. The peril of this joint menace must not be underrated.

It is here as much as anywhere that the desertion of France has been a disaster for us.

It has thrown on our own Fleet and Air Force the entire burden of holding the Mediterranean against the enemy.

Syria is left defenceless, and the loss of British Somaliland is directly due to France laying down her arms at Jibuti.

To deal with Hitl a
must develop a pu h.
ordinary man and w na
military expert. A d
where is it to be de er
two bullies would l t
the Near East looms s t

Says A G

Most serious of all has been th ffec of the French desertion on the wer around the Eastern Mediter ean They are quaking with fear, an ow ever much they sympathise with the dread being left on the losin sid should the war go against us.

FORTUNATELY, Turkey, which hold the key position in the ster Mediterranean, has shown no n o wavering in her policy of me neutrality and friendliness t th country. Arab sentiment also, hic counts for much in the Near st, with us, and more definitely ains both Germany and Italy.

Moreover, apart from the S mali land episode, all the honours of t wa have been with us. Both in the an on the sea our forces have sh n decisive superiority over the I ian And if the Italians venture on the ong threatened attack on Egypt we sha have the desert, as well as the Egy ian as our ally.

But the position is grave. Fo whi the threat of invasion still hang ov this island our power of rein cin our arms in that theatre of the ar limited.

Hitler knows that. He will k p th threat going as long as he can i ord to weaken our arm in what ma we become the most active scene of t wa

It may become so for the mo imperative of all reasons. IT S A AXIOM THAT THIS WAR WI L E WON BY THE SIDE WHICH HA TH LAST BARREL OF OIL.

AS THINGS STAND THE E LITTLE DOUBT WHICH SIDE THA WILL BE. If Hitler's *blitzkrie* ha made a swift end of the busin ss would have had no anxieties o th point.

But a war of exhaustion is a oth matter. He has no assurance of il that, and the havoc wrought by R.A.F. upon the supplies of bo Germany and Italy adds to the pe plexities in this respect.

In these circumstances, the o fiel of Irak must beckon Hitler on as he pastures of Canaan beckoned the a cie Israelites

CH—WHERE?

**and his jackal Mussolini we
h. That is as clear to every
man as it is to the most skilled
d once we have that punch,
ered? It must be where the
t like it, and more and more
s the likely battleground**

G. GARDINER

Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Near East, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Wavell makes his plans to meet any Nazi attempt to start serious trouble on the shores of Eastern Mediterranean

If he could seize them one of his greatest perils would disappear.

THAT is the immediate prize which lies ahead in the Near East. That is the prize which his pincer movement is designed to win.

If Hitler could get through the Balkans to Asia Minor and Mussolini could get through Egypt to Arabia and Palestine their fears of being starved for oil would be banished—provided, of course, that the oil-wells were not put out of action for a long time, as they doubtless would be.

It is this purpose, as well as that of destroying us in the Mediterranean and the Near East, and ultimately India, that explains the urgency of Hitler's push in the Balkans.

He has two objects—to break up the Balkan *bloc* into fragments and to make the fragments the creatures of his policy.

By this means he and his ally would dominate South-Eastern Europe to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and hold a pistol at the head of Turkey. It is to bring this about that he is hectoring Hungary and Rumania into patching up their quarrel and that Mussolini is trying to terrorise Greece into submission to the Axis.

BUT HITLER IS IN A HURRY AND THERE ARE LIONS IN HIS PATH. GERMANY IS NOT THE ONLY POWER WHICH HAS MARKED THE BALKANS AS HER SPHERE OF INFLUENCE, AND HER RIVALS ARE NOT HER ENEMIES BUT HER FRIENDS.

DOUBTLESS THE BRIGAND MUSSOLINI CAN BE SQUARED OR BRUSHED ASIDE. BUT RUSSIA IS A MUCH MORE SERIOUS AFFAIR.

With his revival of an Imperialist Russia, Stalin has his eye on the Balkans and the Dardanelles. He does not trust Hitler any more than Hitler trusts him.

Stalin is busy consolidating his western wall from the Baltic to the Black Sea against the day when Hitler may be in a position to resume his scheme of smashing Russia and seizing the wheat lands of the Ukraine and the oilfields of the Caspian.

FOR the moment Hitler cannot afford to antagonise th despot of Moscow. He has had to pay a monstrous price for his very negative help, and now that he has come to a halt in the West he is bound to go on paying it.

That means that his path through the Balkans is strewn with difficulties. He must walk warily lest what he used to call "the scum of Moscow" unleashes the claws in the bear's paw.

And this has other consequences.

Caught between the hammer and the anvil of Mussolini and Hitler, Jugoslavia is turning to Russia for a glad eye and a friendly hand. So also is Bulgaria.

Even more important, Turkey is much less afraid of Russia than she is of Germany. Neither she nor Russia wants to see Hitler overrunning the Balkans and Asia Minor.

In a word, the old rivalry between Slav and Teuton for supremacy in the Balkans is blazing up over the mutilated body of Rumania.

All this does not mean that Hitler and Mussolini will not take the plunge in the Near East.

THEY MUST TAKE THE PLUNGE SOMEWHERE, FOR WHILE THEY STAND STILL THEY ARE LOSING GROUND.

But it does mean that the adventure is full of perils. Those perils are increased by the revolt of the rich colonies of Central Africa.

If this spreads to the other French colonies, the whole situation in the Mediterranean will be changed. And to the grave peril of Mussolini and Hitler.

And if they lose in the Near East they will have shot their bolt.

Put on the defensive east and west, the fate of the gangsters will be sealed.

ARGUE IT OUT **By PALLAS**

Hearts and Homes

STANDING on the Downs the Canadian soldier gazed with yearning at the horses as they galloped by. There was such intense longing in his eyes that the woman exercising a dog near by asked him to tea.

Yes, said the Canadian, he missed his horses. And he missed his dogs.

But most of all he missed *this*.

And he waved his hand around to indicate the atmosphere of home.

Before the Canadian left he had promised to spend a leave of three days at the woman's house.

That is the sort of gesture which is not seen often enough.

Troops from the Dominions have travelled thousands of miles to answer the call of Britain.

When they receive their leave, a few of them, the lucky ones, go to see relatives.

Others, not so lucky, stay in hotels—if they can afford such luxury—or pubs.

They learn little of Britain.

And in one way it's Britain's fault. The people of this country have opened neither their hearts nor their homes to our soldiers from overseas.

"I don't think you Britishers like us," a young colonial said to me wistfully.

* * *

He was wrong, of course.

Like many others, he had mistaken the normal reserve of the people of this country for cold dislike.

It's time we cast off this reserve; time we entertained what men we can in our homes, humble or big, rich or poor.

I have heard it argued that the soldiers with their heavy boots would harm polished floors.

To the deuce with floors.

It is argued that some of our Dominion soldiers are rough and lacking in manners.

Yet they cannot be blamed for that.

Rough or polished they all came on the same crusade, modern pilgrims out to preserve liberty

There are black sheep in our own army. It would be a funny army that contained only paragons.

And if he feels that he is being shunned because of his uniform; if he feels that he is regarded as unfit to enter a decent home, he is likely to become a less-disciplined soldier and a less-useful citizen. . .

* * *

In this country to-day is a great opportunity to cement the friendships between Britons and the lads from overseas.

We should open our homes to them; give them what hospitality our war time tables can provide; give them the luxury on leave of soft sheets and fragrant bedrooms; make them part of a home.

We can't afford to treat lightly men who have given up jobs, left wives and children, and travelled half-way across the world to give the old country a hand in times of trouble.

Our gratitude should be sincere and unbounded.

We should open the doors of our hearts, and open the doors of our homes.

If you've ever seen a child lost, if you've ever missed your own home or your loved ones you'll know some of the longing that occasionally comes to the soldiers from overseas.

Give them the freedom of your house and table.

They deserve it, and you'll feel better for it.

And if you think I'm talking without knowledge let me tell you that the woman who brought the Canadian home to tea was my wife.

HIS TEETH ARE "WHITE LIES"

Everyone is glad to see this man—he's got such a *genuine* smile! But people don't know that his smile is not what it seems—his teeth are "white lies." They're covered with tartar behind!

Are your teeth disfigured by tartar *out of sight*? Tartar encourages *decay*! But ordinary brushing won't help once tartar has got hold. Only Solidox will do that. You see, Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains Ricinosulphate, the unique ingredient that loosens and prevents tartar.

You'll enjoy using Solidox and it's so gentle it cannot harm the enamel. Remember, everyone *must* keep fit and healthy—ready for every emergency. That means teeth must be healthy, too—that means Solidox!

The dentist's mirror tells the truth . . .

Tartar!

. . . the cause of dental trouble

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOL 27-783-55

THIS IS THE GROWN-UPS' HOUR, to listen very carefully, all of you Mummies, Nannies, Sisters, Grannies and others whose job it is to wash my woollies. See that my woollies are washed with Sylvan Flakes. That's so important that I'm going to say it again. **See that my woollies are washed with Sylvan Flakes.**

Woollies can't shrink or lose their shape with Sylvan Flakes, and I take a very poor view of woollies that make me feel uncomfortable. I want my woollies to keep on being fleecy and snuggly soft. And Sylvan Flakes contain nothing to roughen and redden your hands.

Another thing, don't get it into your head that Sylvan Flakes are expensive—because they're not! Compared with expensive soap flakes, you actually get half as much again for your money. Just think of all the money you'll save! Goodbye, listeners. I am now being taken over to the Park to feed the ducks.

SYLVAN FLAKES

USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

NEW ENERGY FOR 2D

You, too, can banish that tired, heavy, headachy exhausted feeling for 2d.! Within a few minutes a *Beechams Powder* will make you feel brighter and better! **QUICKER-ACTING** because of its special powder form and **MORE CERTAIN** in results, this famous remedy is a wonderful Pick-me-Up. It freshens you up almost immediately.

Listlessness and Depression simply vanish. Your pain disappears and you are filled with **NEW ENERGY!** Get a supply **NOW** and end your summer suffering. **Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3—Single Powders 2d. each.**

Sold Everywhere. Not Laxative. A Beecham Product.

2d Also RELIEVES
HEADACHES
TOOTHACHE
NEURALGIA
LUMBAGO

BEECHAMS POWDERS

It's EASY!!

to be FREE from STOMACH PAIN

It's EASY to be FREE from Indigestion. Immediately you begin to take **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder,** you bring the horrid, burning acid under control. Buoyant health and spirits return, your digestion is toned, your system cleansed and your stomach set to rights. Instead of pain there is PEACE. Instead of acidity, flatulence, heartburn—SWEET, CLEAN DIGESTION. Instead of nausea at the sight of food—HEARTY APPETITE. Instead of the fear of complications, ulcer, operation—CONFIDENCE of continued stomach health!

YOU *can get relief from*

INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS
STOMACH PAIN
ACIDITY

AND NOW

Here's YOUR chance

Get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and the money you paid will be refunded in full. But remember, **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists **1/3, 2/-, 5/-** per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins **6d.** In Bottles 1/3 and 2/-

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1. New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
2. New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
3. New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
4. New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.)

FREE Any woman reader can obtain a generous trial tube of New Veet absolutely free. Send 3d. in stamps for postage, packing, etc., Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32W), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

Telling Him How!

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

is about a worm in a hard collar who rubbed his hands and said "Yes, sir," even when told he was a cod-eyed old earwig!

By WILL SCOTT

MR. TIPPLE was head clerk, which sounded a good deal, but was nothing, really. Because Mr. Tipple was something else.

Mr. Tipple was a worm; and when you're a worm you can be Emperor of all Asia, and still it's nothing. You're just a worm.

"Yes, sir. No, sir. Very good, sir. Yes, of course, sir. I'll attend to that, sir." And bowing and scraping and hopping out of people's way. Except the people who had to hop out of his way such as the under-clerks and the office boy.

Bowing and scraping and taking everything that came without so much as a whisper.

Every time the buzzer buzzed, Mr. Tipple would leap to his feet and dash into the boss's office and rub his hands and say: "Yes, sir?"

And even when the boss left him looking like a little pile of ash out of the dust-pan still he'd rub his hands and bow and give a sickly smile and say: "Of course, sir."

But, like most worms, Mr. Tipple didn't know he was a worm. Anything but. He had, indeed, a secret desire which showed him what a strong man he really was.

The desire to stamp into the boss's office and tell him how.

How he hated the sight of him, how he hated the job and the dismal office and the long hours and the low pay. How it was high time somebody did tell him what an insect he was, and how he sat where he did sit only because he'd had the luck that better men had missed. And how he could go to hell and take his mouldy business with him.

Finishing up with a good old slam on the door.

THAT was the way to treat the boss. And that was the way Mr. Tipple *had* treated the boss, very often, when his head was on the pillow and tomorrow was a long way off. Very often.

It made him feel big and strong and tough merely to go over the words in his mind.

"You sickly looking little shrimp! Sitting there and giving me orders. But no more, believe me; let *that* sink into your miserable little brain. And goodbye. And to hell with you!"

Mr. Tipple used to lick his lips, like a dog when somebody whispers "Bone!" whenever he said the words. Words which he knew by heart.

Not that he really said them. Just pretending. But you can get a great amount of satisfaction by just pretending, if you're a worm.

Mr. Tipple never really said his piece because in business you've got to put business first. You've got to know the side of your bread on which the butter is, and keep it in mind all the time.

Which Mr. Tipple was careful to do.

So that he never said "To hell with you!" and always said: "Yes, sir; very good, sir." With the result that not only did he not know that he was a worm but also he did know that he was a very astute business man.

Which was very, very nice for Mr Tipple.

This was, of course, before the war You'd got to be a very astute business man then, because if you didn't want your job there were dozens of men who did.

Wherefore the family motto of the Tipples was "Rub your hands and bow and scrape and keep a still tongue in your head."

But when the war came there was suddenly a difference.

There was, for one thing, a shortage of men. And though in some cases this became so acute that it closed businesses down, in other cases it became so acute that it put men's importance up.

Mr. Tipple's firm was one that flourished, and Mr. Tipple himself soon discovered that, whereas before the war any saucy remarks from him would have led at once to the street, now all he would have to do would be to walk out of one door and into the next.

So that for weeks Mr. Tipple was always "Pretty nearly telling the old man how."

"I pretty nearly put the old man in his place to-day," he'd tell his wife, rubbing his hands.

And she'd say: "You don't want any trouble, Wilfred."

And he'd say: "I'm not dirt. I could walk out to-morrow and get a better job before lunch."

And she'd say: "You can't be sure, Wilfred."

And he'd say: "Who can't?"

And finally she'd remind him that he'd been with the firm thirty years, and it was silly to think of making a change at fifty-six, and was he coming to bed or was he going to sit up arguing all night?

And, of course, he'd go to bed and say no more, being Mr. Tipple. Restraint, he told himself it was.

ONE morning about eleven o'clock saw the climax.

Things hadn't been going too well for days. Somebody had lost an invoice. Somebody else had lost something else. And so on. They didn't much matter, but they all added up. The old man was riled and let the staff have it.

Mr. Tipple had tried his best to pour oil on troubled waters. Never before in all his life had he bowed and scraped so efficiently. He nearly rubbed his hands away. He yes-sir'd and no-sir'd as he had never yes-sir'd and no-sir'd before.

But it didn't work.

The boss relapsed into a viler temper with every hour that passed.

Mr. Tipple bowed and scraped and rubbed his hands and did everything a very astute business man could be expected to do, but he had to confess himself beaten.

This made his little heart flutter.

"Something's got to be done," said the boss.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir. I quite appreciate that, sir," agreed Mr. Tipple.

The rest of the staff were listening and looking.

"And now," added the boss.

"Yes, certainly, sir," said Mr. Tipple.

"And by you."

"Of course, sir. Naturally, sir."

"Well," thundered the boss, "don't sit there like a duck in a dream. Do something."

And back into his office went the boss. And slammed the door.

A duck in a dream! Mr. Tipple positively palpitated. To be called that. In front of the staff, too! A duck in a dream!

It kept running past in his mind, single-file, like a procession.

A duck in a dream—a duck in a dream—a duck in a dream—a duck in a dream. . . .

"Oh, all right," thought Mr. Tipple. "All *right*."

He clenched his little fists till the knuckles showed white. No man could be expected to take *that* sitting down. A duck in a dream! Well, they'd see.

Silently, to himself, Mr. Tipple went over the familiar ground, the well-rehearsed words that had been for so many years his lullaby.

Into the boss's office. No knocking. Just right in, without so much as by your leave or anything.

No bowing. No scraping. No "this, sir," or "that, sir."

Just a steely eye.

(Here Mr. Tipple glanced sideways into an office mirror, and his eye seemed steely enough to him.)

NEXT would come the opening words:

"I want a word with you, if you don't mind."

The boss would gape, but he'd go on, waving any response from the boss on one side.

"And even if you *do* mind, I'm *going* to have a word with you."

Utter amazement on the part of the boss!

"I hate the sight of you. I've been waiting for years to tell you how. Now you're getting it. I hate my job. I hate this dismal office and your dismal business and the long hours and the low pay. Is that clear? You're just an insect!"

Complete collapse of the boss!

"Clever? You? Lucky, perhaps. You sit where you do because of that and for no other reason. And listen, and don't answer back. You can go to hell and take your mouldy business with you. I'm clearing out!"

Then out quick, with a good old slam on the door.

"Ah!" Mr. Tipple took a deep breath. Then he rose.

Duck in a dream!

"I can't—I simply can't take that," said the inner Mr. Tipple. "Treating me like dirt. If I let him do it this time I'd be finished for ever. Let him have it, and out. Plenty of good openings for astute business men. After all, I'm only fifty-six."

He cleared his throat and put his tie straight. Got ready for it. Screwed himself up.

Then paused for a moment to polish his glasses and slip them back on his nose.

Duck in a dream!

"Indeed!" exclaimed the inner Mr. Tipple. "*Indeed!*"

WELL. . . . Better get it over.

He took a pace forward, half-sorry when it had happened that his hand was off the arm of his chair. Puzzled, too, to find some obstruction. His legs seemed unable to go on.

He focussed things through his glasses and found that the obstruction was Herbert. Herbert!

Another loathsome creature! Now he came to think of it, everybody and everything about the office was loathsome.

"Well!" thundered the boss. "Don't sit there like a duck in a dream. Do something!"

Herbert, the office boy. Sly, grinning, sneaking, grovelling. . . .

"Well, get out of my way!" said Mr. Tipple. "You're not made of air. I can't walk through you!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. . . ."

"I should think so. Now get out of my sight!"

". . . but could I have a word with you?"

"Could you what? Have a word with me? When? Now? Certainly not! Get out of my way."

"You see, sir, I'm leaving."

"Leaving?"

"Yes, sir. Leaving the firm."

"Oh! Good idea! Very good idea! Well, all right, then, leave. But don't bother me. I'm busy."

"I just wanted to tell you, sir, before I left."

"Tell me what?"

"I've been saving it up for months, sir."

"Tell me *what?*"

"You give me the wearies."

"I . . ."

Mr. Tipple gaped.

"What did you say?"

"PLENTY of good jobs since the war," said Herbert. "Nothing you can do would make any difference. I just walk out and walk in. I said you give me the wearies."

Mr. Tipple flushed crimson.

"You've got on my nerves ever since I came here," Herbert went on. "I never could stick the job or the place or you. Especially you. I thought you'd like to know."

"You . . . you thought I'd like . . . *like* . . ."

"And there's another thing," added Herbert. "It ain't much, but every little helps. You're a cod-eyed old earwig. Ta-ta, beautiful!

And out went Herbert. And into his chair Mr. Tipple collapsed

A cod-eyed old earwig! A duck in a dream! In front of the staff, too. It made a man feel such a . . . what? A worm. Yes! A worm.

If only——

The buzzer buzzed.

Mr. Tipple leapt to his feet and dashed into the boss's office.

Rubbing his hands.

"Yes, sir?" he said

GETTING ENGAGED?
CHOOSE AN H.SAMUEL RING
AND SAVE!

Profit by the experience of countless other happy couples and choose your engagement or wedding ring at H. Samuel! There's a fascinating variety. All are exquisitely designed by his own expert craftsmen. The lustrous, perfectly matched diamonds are fully warranted and all settings are of fine platinum, with 18-ct. solid gold mounts. And H. Samuel LUCKY wedding rings bring happiness and good fortune for life!

It's because he sells to you DIRECT that you save so much! And remember—your satisfaction or money back is guaranteed!

Post Coupon below for free book of Rings and Jewellery to-day!

H.SAMUEL 99 FINE JEWEL SHOPS
The Empire's Largest Jeweller.
Headquarters and Post Orders:—
MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

FREE! Post this coupon to H. Samuel (Dept. 185), Market St., Manchester, 1. Please send me your Illustrated Book of Diamond and gem set Rings, Lucky Wedding Rings, Jewellery, etc., at money-saving direct-from-factory cash prices.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Put in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp. Full postage refunded with order).

Wartime Smoking and Your Smile

Whatever Wartime makes you do, take no chances with your teeth. A real ODOL Smile is more important than ever. And, above all, don't risk a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whitening. It will injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay.
What about your tooth-paste? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the slightest trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is the finest and smoothest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Your fighting man will welcome a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice in his next parcel. It's the most convenient to carry.

Keep the winning Odol Smile!

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 6

IF you eat more than you need, you are wasting food as surely as if you had thrown it away. So eat what you need, but no more. Buy wisely and cater strictly. For your health's sake, as well as your country's, remember that "enough is better than a feast."

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HOW TO STORE CARROTS.

The secret of storing carrots is in lifting them (pulling them up) in good condition. Lift them during dry weather, not later than the middle of October. *Reject all blemished carrots and all damaged or forked roots.* It is not necessary to clean them, but be careful to see they are quite dry.

You will need a dry shed for your storing, if possible with a stone or concrete floor, and some slightly moist sand. If you cannot get sand, earth, taken from the top of the ground, shaken through a *very* fine sieve and slightly moistened, is the best substitute.

Lay alternate rows of carrots and sand (or earth), either on the ground, in a pyramid shape, or in boxes. Cover your pyramid or box with sand (or earth). Put over it a layer of straw as a safeguard against frost. The carrots should be stored crown to tail in rows. Use the carrots as you require them, but take care that the remaining pile is always well covered. It is a wise plan to rebuild your pyramid at least once during the winter.

HOW TO DRY RUNNER BEANS

Select young fresh beans. Top, tail and string. Slice each bean into three. Dip in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Dry on a muslin-covered rack *until quite crisp* in intense sunlight, or in a hot airing cupboard or in a very slow oven (not more than 120°F) with door ajar, or on a muslin hammock, suspended over a heat storage cooker. Store beans in bags in a dry place. Soak overnight before using.

CAULIFLOWER LEAVES

Always ask your greengrocer for the *leaves* of the cauliflower. As well as being rich in vitamins, the leaves taste delicious. Cook and serve them with the cauliflower, or have them as a separate vegetable next day.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS.

Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both 1½ pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey. The crystals may be dissolved in 1½ pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!
6½d bottle makes 25 tumblers

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

A Reliable Protection

AND REFRESHING BEVERAGE

-ONLY NEEDS HOT WATER!

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gently moves the bowels, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

"I CAN'T COMPLAIN," SAYS SOLDIER'S WIFE: MOBILE HOMES NO USE FOR THE DISPOSSESSED: WHY GERMANY PREFERS GUNS TO BUTTER: PUT WOMEN'S WILLING HANDS TO THE IDLE SEWING MACHINES

Voice of the People

WIFE of a soldier, I believe the stories people tell of hardships imposed on them by the mistakes of the authorities, yet insist on counting my own blessings.

My husband is a happy soldier.

He joined the Army on a Thursday, and I received my payment book from the village post office on the following Saturday, with a four days' allowance.

Filling up a form for free milk for my two children, we were getting supplies within three days.

War is hard on us all, but I must say that not one particle of grit has found its way into the wheels of the official machinery dealing with my family. — Reader X. 210, 939, Nottingham.

Everybody would write like that if it wasn't for a handful of dolts in high places.

AUTHORITIES should mobilise all trailer caravans so that they can be moved into position at little notice to house people robbed of their homes by enemy bombing. — Gerald Forrester, Eldred Street, Carlisle.

Because British anti-aircraft "dirt" would crash through the frail tops of these caravans and splinter the thin sides, the idea isn't so good. It would be better to move homeless people into empty houses in the same district.

THE Ministry of Home Security should issue as a poster the JOHN BULL "Bullet": "He Laughed at 'Take Cover.' He's Buried."

I have had it printed for A.R.P. purposes and exhibited at my place of employment. — J. Ottaway, Bawtree Road, New Cross, S.E.14.

WE know of only one reason why Germany went short of butter and other valuable foodstuffs for years before the war.

Not because the world couldn't supply such foods—we have lived through years of gluts. The reason was that the Germans know better than anybody how to turn foods into munitions.

America's Hoover, who toys with the idea of food ships for "starving Europe," should be made to realise this.

If the United States supplies Europe with food, she is in effect providing Germany with arms—arms that may one day be used against her own country.—S. Green, Leeds

FARMERS are having milk returned to them as deficient in solids, although the butter and fat content is up to expected standard.

By the time they get it back it is unusable. Yet it represents a terrible waste of cheese or butter.

This lack of solids is not the fault of farmers. It is due to the shortage of feeding stuffs for cattle. Yet hay that would help meet the need is being burned all along the railway tracks.—J. Help, Whalley Range, Manchester.

One firm of carriers alone returned 2,000 gallons of milk deficient in solids in a week.

MINISTRY of Agriculture bulletin, telling us how to jam, bottle or otherwise preserve fruits and vegetables, advises us to use much more sugar than I have been in the habit of using in peace time.

Seems to me the Ministries of Agriculture and Food should get together again. —E. M., Ware, Herts.

BECAUSE a dutiful son is giving them house-room, an old couple have been refused extra old age pension.

Yet the dutiful son has to struggle so much to make both ends meet that he can't afford to spend a penny piece on his own comfort.

He can't afford to bear the extra cost of living imposed by the war on himself, his wife and children and his aged parents as well. Yet the State seems to think he can do the impossible.—R. D., Walton-on-Thames.

LACK of imagination is common in high places. Either an alien is put in an enemy internment camp or is released altogether.

No thought of a middle course enters the heads of Officialdom.

The truth is that 75 per cent. of our enemy aliens are good friends of this country and shouldn't be prisoners.

But the people of this country think that even the friendliest of them should be subject to the degree of surveillance fitting their cases.—R. T. James.

Hundreds of aliens are interned whom the authorities want to see free and helping the national effort! Ministry of Labour won't authorise employment of an enemy alien till Home Office has freed him, and Home Office won't free him till Ministry of Labour has authorised his employment!

IDLE sewing-machines are a waste of national resources at a time like this. Let owners of those in working order put their names on a Central Register. Women with willing hands, but lacking the money to buy machines, would then know where to go when eager to do voluntary work for the country.—Mrs. E. E. Colne, Lancs. (Payment forwarded to Red Cross, as requested."

ONE hears of conscientious objectors drawing war bonuses.

I believe that accepting such a bonus makes an objector available for combatant service.

A genuine conscience would make him refuse.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

HEREWITH the cause of this war, as I heard it described by one six-year-old girl to another:

"You see, the Germans haven't got nice homes like ours, so they are jealous and don't want us to have nice houses either, and now they've lost their tempers and started fighting."

The reply—just as quaint: "Well, why don't they build some for themselves instead of being quarrelsome?"—Mrs. H. L., Uxbridge, Middlesex.

PARLIAMENTARY reports can be reduced to one-tenth their bulk. They abound in such phrases (to give an actual instance) as:

"In regard to the matter to which attention has been drawn, it may be stated that the necessary steps will be taken to see that all obligations undertaken prior to September, 1939, are implemented, etc."

Mr. Churchill has stopped Whitehall using long-winded, time-and-paper-wasting phrases. He should ask politicians to write more succinctly.—H. G., Edith Grove, London, S.W.10.

SPEAKING at a school prize-giving at Newton Abbot, Devon, Mr. R. Butle, "head" of Newton College, told the assembled scholars that it was good to be alive in these days: that war, "if looked at in the right way, is exciting and stimulating."

Crush the Nazi menace by all means, but don't let us instil into young heads that war is stimulating.—R. L., Clarence Road, Exmouth.

Even though hating war (as we expect Mr. Butle does), "John Bull" sees how it dissolves snobbery, creates comradeship, and generally brings out fine qualities latent in the race. Enthusiasm for a cause, for instance: that is "exciting and stimulating."

AFTER heavy bombing, the "All Clear" sounded.

Just as the last hoot died away a German aircraft returned—and I and a few fellow-wardens rushed round blowing our whistles to tell people not to relax vigilance.

The police interfered, said we had no right to blow a whistle after the "All Clear"—that if we did so again we would be summoned.

Who was right?—H. P., Somewhere in London.

Judging by letters received, thousands of wardens are wondering whether to blow whistles when Jerry nips back after an "All Clear." Ministry of Home Security told "John Bull" "A.R.P. whistles are to implement public signals. They should not be blown when there is no air raid alarm, or such alarm has been ended by the 'All Clear.'

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

British artillery experts prefer to use smaller guns, realising that it is better to plant a hundred shells where they will do some good than release great masses of steel at random

The Little Berthas

GUNNERS only laughed when they heard that the Nazis were using long-range guns to shell the British coast.

They wondered how long it would take the new generation of German artillerymen to learn the lessons of the last war.

They couldn't understand why Big Bertha had not shown the Huns how absurd it was to use these costly cannon, when they knew that the life of a single barrel was only a fraction of a second—or a few rounds of ammunition.

When the Nazis boasted of a gun with a range of 197 miles, it was obvious that they had yet to learn the uselessness of such a weapon.

British artillery experts are against employing such "costly playthings," which, they say, have nothing but a "nuisance value."

ERRATIC RANGE

They point out that, although Big Bertha shelled Paris for some years during the last war, it caused only 300 casualties, never once hit a target that delayed the French war effort for five minutes.

Trouble is that long-range guns are erratic when used over more than 25 miles, and gunners would sooner plant a hundred small shells where they will do some good than release great masses of steel without the slightest idea of where they are going to land.

Super long-range guns, costing tens of thousands of pounds, can fire only one hundred rounds before they have to be fitted with a new inner barrel.

Even the standard 14-inch naval gun is good for only five hundred rounds. Some are worn out after only one hundred rounds.

Long ranges demand large bursting charges and high-speed shells.

The shell remains in the barrel of the modern 14-inch gun only one-150th to one-250th part of a second, so that its effective "working life" is only *two seconds at the most.*

It is doubtful whether the Nazis' 197-mile gun can fire more than forty rounds before it is worn out. Its "life" will be about *three-twentieths of a second.*

TOO EXPENSIVE

It is obvious that the Germans will not build batteries of these long-range monsters. They are far too expensive; and a team of about a dozen University professors, mathematicians and meteorologists is necessary for each gun.

The mathematicians have to work out intricate sums concerning the curvature of the earth's surface between the firing point and the target, the rotation of the earth, the trajectory of the shell, and the latitude and longitude of firing point and target.

Meteorologists have to gauge weather conditions above the target; the direction and pressure of winds along the shell's path, and, since the shell must rise nearly 120 miles above the earth's surface, they must try to estimate conditions in the stratosphere.

So these shells can be fired only at certain times of the day, and then only at certain seasons of the year.

Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon

By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this 'Mousse of Cream' secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a *better* powder at any price.

6d., Triple size 1/-.

BADLEGS

Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Chilblains and all Skin Troubles invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Ebbw Vale, Mon.: "*Some years ago I suffered from a Bad Leg; the doctor advised going to the Infirmary to have it off, but I tried HEALO and it saved my leg. I have recommended to many sufferers.*" *Mrs. W. . . .*

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

How does she keep So Slim and Attractive

SHE'S lovely to look at with her radiant health, slender figure, and clear complexion—and so happy, for she's found the secret of keeping slim and attractive—Bile Beans nightly.

Besides melting away surplus fat daily, Bile Beans purify and enrich the blood, thus giving you that lovely skin so greatly admired by all. And as Bile Beans are purely vegetable they can be taken regularly every night with perfect safety.

You, too, can become healthily and attractively slim if you follow her lead and start with Bile Beans.

"For keeping my figure so slim and youthful I give full credit to Bile Beans. I don't have to diet or live too strenuously so long as I remember my Bile Beans at bedtime. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day." Miss J. H., London, W.3.

By Nightly Taking BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Two drops for Tommy

★ Did you know that drinking water is sterilised by the addition of two drops of Iodine? Tell your soldier friends and give them a small bottle of Iodine for their kit. Iodine is the most efficient antiseptic for all purposes.

Write for Free Emergency Chart.

IODINE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
Stone House, Bishopsgate
London, E.C.2

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach-pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

A fine full bodied 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 an oz. D ½ FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW or PLUG

P.D.33

WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT

6/6 POST FREE

Supports abdominal muscles making you look slimmer and younger. Prevents chills, liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning.

NOTE: Belt is serviced FREE after 6 months' wear.

Made of superfine material. Washable and hygienic. Write, stating waist measure

'VERGAS' Anti-Vermin Anti-Gas JOCKSTRAP

Protects from Service dangers such as **Vermin, Damp and Gas.** Antiseptic oiled Silk pouch, Broad elastic Belt ensures perfect support. State small, medium, or Large waist. 3/6 POST FREE

VERGAS,
Dept. J.B.,
126, Baker St.,
London, W.1.
Wel. 1743

10 years a martyr to RHEUMATISM

If you are a sufferer from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Synovitis, etc., Mr. J. P., of Sutton Coldfield, hopes this message will catch your eye because it was a similar message that put an end to his own torture. In a recent letter to Fynnon, Ltd., he wrote: "For ten years I have been a martyr to rheumatic ailments (lumbago, synovitis and aching joints). Nothing seemed to relieve me until I decided to try Fynnon Salt through an advertisement two years ago. Since then I have been a different man and now life is worth living, thanks to Fynnon. Hoping this will catch the eye of fellow-sufferers."

You need not suffer for another *ten days* if you start taking Fynnon Salt now, because Fynnon gets to work from the first dose. Its three curative elements, Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, dissolve even the most deep-set acid crystals. They also restore liver and kidneys to full, healthy activity, so that the acid residue, together with any poisons and toxins present, are rinsed clean away. The whole system is thus refreshed and invigorated—giving you not merely peace and ease, but rousing new health. Large tin 2/3. New Trial Size 6d.

COBRA is so easy to use

and BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum

COBRA WHITE WAX FLOOR POLISH

Wm. WREN & Co. (Watford) Ltd., WATFORD.

C-HO-1

Her Prison Home

My parents never let me out of their sight without smothering me with questions . . . my home is like a prison . . . please help! This desperate SOS forms the basis of this week's human problem

By HUMANIST

OFTEN I find it quite easy to estimate the character of a reader merely from the type of letter he writes.

An amusing instance is the man who had left his letter unsealed, but carefully fastened the envelope addressed to himself.

He had put three-pennyworth of stamps on one envelope; two-pennyworth on the other.

So I was not surprised to read that he wanted me to help him cure his absent mindedness.

* * *

Another letter this week shows great emotional strain, with a dash of desperation.

"I am a girl of seventeen," the writer begins. "I have a good job and I am happy at my work, but when I go home I become a prisoner.

"My parents are most strict.

"I am not allowed to have my own friends. They are chosen for me. I am not allowed to go out at night without this carefully selected 'friend,' and when I return I have to explain where I have been, whom I have seen, and everything that happened from the moment of leaving the house.

"When I mention seeing So-and-So my parents make enquiries about her—where and when we saw each other, who was with me and so on.

"They are 'checking up' on me like detectives.

"My correspondence is public property, but I am not permitted to see other people's letters.

"Now I have met a young man with whom I want to be friendly. How can I go home and explain? They would fly into a rage for the simple reason that they are busy manufacturing a 'romance' between myself and a young man of their own choosing.'

"I have been a fool to put up with this so long, but now I want to break free. I am young. I want to go out to meet people.

"I don't want to be tied down to one man at my age.

"I can't leave home because I don't earn a great deal of money, and I'm too young to go into any of the Services.

"I hope you can find some way out of this tangle. And I am sure you can't wonder at my beginning to hate my parents for their intolerance."

There are so many things that might be said about this problem. The girl is craving for freedom to live her own life, and her parents ought not to read her letters, to cross-examine her every time she leaves the house, to treat her as a suspect.

They ought to know that such strict supervision has three possible effects.

The girl will be tempted to cheat and lie to evade them—to get her way by becoming a hypocrite.

She will rise in violent revolt against them, and there will be hostility for years.

The girl will become obedient but soured and disgruntled; a difficult woman to live with.

It is hard to say which of these three is the worst.

I have known so many boys and girls go wrong through over-strictness at home.

The root of the trouble is the desire to see the girl fastened to the young man they are trying to grab for a son-in-law.

"I never have any privacy. My correspondence is read; my parents watch me like detectives. I am desperately unhappy."

I heard of a similar story a few months ago, when the girl was bold enough to tell the chosen man of the conspiracy, and he was sporty enough to keep away.

Actually they liked each other a good deal, but neither of them wanted to be manacled to the other. They did have some good times together, but they were not going to let their parents imagine that they were "arranging things."

If freedom is worth having, it is worth fighting for.

That girl will have to fight courageously or go under.

And in such a fight it is often necessary to struggle hardest against those who love us and act for our own good.

ANOTHER unusual letter this week comes from a girl of fifteen, who is already saddened by the thought of growing up!

Only recently she started working for her living.

"I have settled down in my job," she says, "but I have suddenly realised I am growing up!

"Maybe I am abnormal, but I dread growing up as much as some elderly people hate growing old. When I was at school, I was told to make the most of my schooldays, because I should never be so happy again.

"I did not take much notice then, but now I begin to realise what was meant. I have to walk sedately in the park watching the children romping about in a care-free fashion.

"Then I say to myself, 'You will never be able to do that again.'

"It is the same when I see other girls making sand-pies or playing with dolls. Growing up deprives me of so many things.

"My own childhood was very happy.

"There were three daughters, and we never had a care. Our parents were always cheerful—and understanding.

"For hours after I go to bed, I lie awake, brooding over the future, feeling I might just as well be dead.

"Help me to overcome this awful thought."

Miss Fifteen will not always feel like this.

Passing through a difficult phase of adolescence, she is secretly alarmed about what lies ahead.

She need not be afraid.

Those who said that schooldays were the happiest were talking nonsense.

The majority of children are intensely happy one day; intensely miserable the next. They are only too ready to be grown up.

This girl had such a happy childhood at home that she wants to be a female Peter Pan. It would be better if she were a Wendy.

The happiest time of her life is still to come, and when she is two or three years older she will smile at the dark thoughts haunting her to-day.

I MUST save a little space to thank the hundreds of people who wrote about the problems of deafness. The thing that struck me most was their gratitude for a few kindly words of understanding.

"I am hard of hearing," wrote a woman reader, "and I consider this is a greater trial than to be totally deaf.

"The stone-deaf do not strain to hear. They sit placid and content; there is an absence of nervous tension.

"Head noises nearly drive me crazy, and they are always there.

"I always have the fear of being thought daft.

"When I realised what was happening, I decided to cultivate a sense of humour. There is always a comic side to things if you can find it.

"I keep optimistic and cheerful, and my company is definitely enjoyed. I get more out of life than many good-hearing folk.

"Whenever I go into a shop, I am greeted with smiles all round. Only yesterday I cheered a pessimist by quoting the lines on JOHN BULL: '*Come the three corners of the world in arms. . . .*'

"I have started a local Spitfire fund, and a few weeks ago I had the biggest aluminium dump in the district.

"Tell the hard of hearing to refuse to be beaten.

"Let them get out of themselves and take a live interest in what is going on in the world."

Many deaf readers wrote about the advisability of keeping a dog or a cat for company.

A dog gives a warning when someone comes to the door, thus saving a great deal of unnecessary straining that is a trial to overwrought nerves.

Readers of George Eliot will remember what Bob Jakin said to Maggie Tulliver: "Keep a dog, mum, keep a dog. A dog's a better friend than any Christian!"

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

MILLION-A-DAY SHED

RIGHT in the heart of Ottawa, amid the stately Government buildings of Canada's capital, stands a trim, neat-painted wooden frame building that has irreverently been nicknamed "The Shack."

A year ago, the Shack wasn't there.

On the patch of grass that it occupies, near the new Supreme Court, the crowds stood cheering the King and Queen at the end of their Canadian tour last year.

The Shack was built in four weeks at the beginning of the war.

To-day, a million dollars' worth of war work for the Empire passes through it every twenty-four hours.

With its midget rooms and long corridors, the Shack looks like a mining camp boarding-house.

Certainly you wouldn't suspect it to be the G.H.Q. of the War Supply Board, the nerve-centre of the huge machinery by which Canada is sending Britain war supplies in more than a dozen ships a day.

When it is announced that another £100,000,000 is being spent in Canada, W. R. Campbell, genial chief of the War Supply Board, sets in action the machinery that creates aeroplanes, munitions, tanks, guns, anything and everything that can hit Hitler.

Campbell was once the high salaried representative of Henry Ford in Canada.

He earned more than £10,000 a year; now he is content to earn a nominal dollar a year, making sure that Canadian industry goes to it.

No more powerful organisation than his has ever been created in the Dominion.

It can force a single manufacturer, or an entire industry, to turn out war goods.

It has power to name a price allowing no margin of profit to any dollar-mad millionaire.

And if the manufacturer should refuse, the War Supply Board can take over his factory and run it as a British Government concern.

So far such extreme measures haven't been necessary. But long ago, when a Canadian steel mill was "too busy" for war work because of ordinary commercial orders, the War Supply Board halted the work and turned the entire factory over to the production of guns.

Wool for military uniforms was a problem.

A heavy tariff kept United States wool off the market.

The War Supply Board turned Budget proposals topsy-turvey, clipped off the tariff and bought every available ounce of wool on American markets.

Now they're handling a military shopping list of 15,000 articles, ranging from "housewives" for Tommy to battleships.

W. C. Woodward, vice-chairman of the Board, was specially picked because, as head of a big Vancouver store, he knows all about shopping.

Steel, rail and mining magnates, all bring specialist knowledge to the big business handled in this unpretentious shack.

The Healing Touch of Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHES

LEG ULCERS

Painful ulcers that have defied years of treatment yield to the healing touch of *Germolene*. Here is just one report from a host of men and women grateful to Germolene skin healing magic.

Mrs. P. B. says "*I was forced to give up work owing to very bad ulcerated leg. I had five ulcers and could not put my foot to the floor. Germolene succeeded in drying the ulcers up. I cannot praise it enough.*"

How quickly *Germolene* heals your broken skin and cleanses that nasty place clean! How swiftly all skin troubles disappear under the soothing touch of Germolene! Prove this yourself under this

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS SUNBURN HEAT RASH

GREAT HEALING OFFER

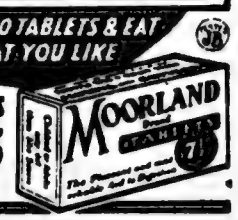
You can prove the amazing healing power of *Germolene* without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin

Instant relief from INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE ACIDITY, HEARTBURN PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE



ALL CHEMISTS 7½P & 1/3

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1 3 and 3/-.

BRITISH 'ASPRO' a National Health Asset!

'ASPRO' as a British Household Medicine has proved itself a National Health Asset, because it saves loss of time through illness, thus enabling employees to keep in full time work with production at a maximum. 'ASPRO' quickly dispels pain—it acts as a solvent of Uric Acid, and has innumerable uses in removing the cause of many complaints. Proof is evidenced by heavy correspondence continuously arriving from all parts of the British Isles, with expressions of thanks to 'ASPRO' for its alleviation of human suffering. These letters are sincere and honest, and come without solicitation. We include as many as space permits in each 'ASPRO' announcement, because such unasked-for evidence is indisputable—it tells the story of 'ASPRO' as a National Health Asset better than any words we print.

Read What 'ASPRO' does and Why it is a WORLD SUCCESS!

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER SAVED FROM "LYING UP"

Dear Sirs, Galway, Eire.

Recently I developed a severe cold which threatened to put me in bed for a few days. Being a commercial traveller this would have upset business very much. The manageress of the hotel at which I was staying gave me a glass of hot milk and two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring. On waking in the morning I was delighted to find that all traces of my cold had disappeared. Sincerely Yours, F. ALLEN.

WISHED HE'D TAKEN 'ASPRO' EARLIER

62 Dancox Crescent, Welling, Kent.

Dear Sirs,

For three solid days my husband suffered with severe headaches and pains in the back and neck. My husband only regrets that he didn't take 'ASPRO' the first day of his illness. He is now greatly improved thanks to 'ASPRO'. Yours ever gratefully, J. GASCOIGNE (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

SUMMER AND WINTER HEAD COLDS BANISHED

Dear Sirs, Highgate, N.19.

I feel duty bound to write and thank you for the great boon 'ASPRO' is to me. I suffered severe head colds frequently, summer and winter alike. I had only to meet anyone with a cold and sure enough I took it.

Now, about three years ago, I saw an advert. for 'ASPRO' and decided to give them a trial. They proved really wonderful and when I feel the slightest chill or I am in company with anyone with influenza colds, I safeguard myself with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets before retiring and at intervals during the day if necessary. I am such a firm believer in them that my friends chip me about my little rolls of 'ASPRO' which I ALWAYS carry with me in case of emergency but nevertheless, they are often grateful to partake of some.

Yours faithfully, F. H. WEST (Mr.).

KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY FOR INSTANT ACTION AGAINST→ Headaches-Sleeplessness Nerve Strain-Colds-Hay Fever-Rheumatism Aches & Pains-Summer Chills-Heat Discomfort

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority. Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. Slough 22381.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO' ASPRO

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

A single Do-Do tablet will check the worst choking spasm inside 30 seconds, your gasping for breath will be eased, and in 15 to 30 minutes you will be moving about breathing normally.

The power of a single Do-Do tablet to cut short the choking asthma spasm is due to its high medicinal content. Do-Do brand tablets have a special potency in the treatment of ASTHMA IN ALL ITS MANY FORMS and are also of the utmost value in chronic cases of BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH and DIFFICULT BREATHING. Do-Do tablets give the greatest relief in the shortest time, at the lowest cost. Get Do-Do and get rid of your breathing difficulties.

Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere—still at pre-war prices. 7 Full Doses 1/-; 30 Tablets 3/-; 120 Tablets 10.6. Get a shilling packet to-day, or use this Coupon for a Free Test Supply!

Dō-Dō (Brand) ASTHMA TABLETS

SEND NOW

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD., 1-3 Smedley Street, London, S.W.4.

I have NOT tried Do-Do. Please send me a Free Test Supply. (Don't seal envelope; use 1d. stamp).

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.326

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys with Cystex and you'll feel fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get up Nights go to your chemist to-day for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely. Cystex contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly, poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

9 weeks in Hospital—now well

"*I have suffered for five years with Kidney and Bladder trouble, also Rheumatic pains and Stiff Joints. I was not able to raise my arms and spent nine weeks in hospital. They said I would not be able to work, but after Cystex I feel years younger, well and strong.*"—(Sgd.) J. A. F.

Health Improved in 2 Days

"*I had not felt really well for ages and suffered continually from backaches and headaches. I had tried almost everything but could not get lasting relief. Finally I decided to give Cystex a trial, and wish I had tried it long ago and saved myself much pain and expense. It has improved my health more in two or three days than other things have done for months.*"—Mrs. B.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package to the address below. Act now! From Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists, price 1/3, 2 - and 6/-. This guarantee protects you.

Cystex The GUARANTEED Remedy for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

RABBIT'S-FOOT CHAMPION

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his stories of Giants of the Ring, says that even if iron-jawed Harry Lewis had walked under thirteen ladders, he could still have flattened any man of his weight. Yet he remained the most superstitious boxer the ring has ever known

AFTER they had laced on his gloves, he took the rabbit's foot in his left hand and rubbed the soft fur gently down the back of his right mitt.

He sat with his dark head resting against the corner post, moving his fine shoulders with little circular motions to loosen the rippling muscles. He grinned at Jim Harris, his manager.

"Okay, Jim," said he. "It's in the bag."

Harris nodded.

"Of course it is," he said. "But don't take any chances. You need more than a rabbit's foot to lick the Kid."

The handsome young Jew still smiled. Nothing could shake his confidence while that precious rabbit's foot remained tucked in his sock.

In all boxing history there never has been a more superstitious fighter than Harry Lewis, the Yiddisher Cyclone from Philadelphia.

Broken mirrors, spilled salt, black cats, piebald horses, loads of hay, new moons and four-leaf clovers—all had special significance in Harry's life.

He really believed in signs and omens, although in his heyday he could have walked under thirteen ladders and still flattened the best of the world's welterweights with his right-hand punch.

Few fighters, even among heavyweights, have packed a harder right-hand punch than Lewis. Combined with the whirlwind pace at which he always fought, this put him among the champions.

The most amiable of young men out of the ring, Lewis became a killer immediately his hands were laced into a pair of gloves.

His paramount idea was to smash his way to victory in the shortest possible time. He went about that task like a human thunderbolt. Harry Lewis was dynamite in boxing-gloves, and the gong was the spark that exploded him.

NOT many men could have fought with his reckless indifference to punishment.

Lewis often boasted that he could not be knocked out, and he would eagerly offer his jaw as a target to the hardest hitters of the day.

Because a crack on the point that would put most fighters to sleep did not even wipe away the broad grin that was rarely absent from his features. All sorts of queer stories were told about his toughness.

It was said that he could shift the vulnerable bone of his jaw at will.

Smart enough to realise the publicity value of these rumours, Lewis helped to spread them.

Double-jointed, he was able to do tricks with his fingers and toes and limbs that would have earned him a comfortable living in a circus.

But he did not possess a double-jointed jaw.

The secret of his toughness lay in the extraordinary bone structure of his chin, which made it absolutely impervious to feeling. The effect was much the same as if Lewis had a permanent anæsthetic in his jaw. Anyway, he could have taken a blow there with a hammer without harm.

Yet, despite his terrific punch, his dazzling speed and his iron jaw, the Yiddisher boy, who had graduated to the professional ring from a newspaper pitch on a Philadelphia street corner, still placed his faith in charms.

Opposite him, as he sat rubbing that rabbit's foot on the heel of his right glove, sat a slim, chocolate-hued negro whose sad eyes and mournful expression suggested that the worries of the whole world rested on his shoulders.

This was the Dixie Kid, otherwise Aaron Brown, one of the craftiest, foxiest fighters.

Winning or losing, Brown always looked as though he was on the point of bursting into tears, but behind those sad eyes his clever brain would be busy devising fresh schemes for the discomfort of his opponent.

As a strategist, the Dixie Kid had no equal.

It was fighter versus boxer, a thunderbolt against a will-o'-the-wisp, and the majority of those who sat around that Liverpool ringside twenty-eight years ago were ready to bet that the Dixie Kid's smartness would be too much for Lewis.

SO they waited.

Then the gong silenced the noisy hubbub of the packed arena. Brown skin and white slid from their stools beneath the arc-lights.

Lewis' gloves were already weaving little patterns in the air when the Dixie Kid, ducking and bobbing as though he was on springs, struck the first blow.

A vicious right hook, it landed flush on the Jewish boy's chin with a crack that was audible yards from the ringside.

Such a punch would have put most men on their backs, but Lewis, apart from swaying on his heels, showed no sign of having felt it.

He dropped into a crouch and went in, slinging punches with both hands, but the unhappy-looking negro was not there to be hit. His dancing feet took him out of danger and his close-cropped skull moved ever so slightly sideways as Harry's terrible right fist drove towards his chin.

With an economy of footwork he moved in again, and the white gloves on the end of the brown arms flashed first a left and then a right.

Neat, perfectly timed punches, they jerked back Lewis's head. Yet he still came on.

The negro's expression did not change.

He grasped the top rope with one glove, slid sideways in a baffling, crab-like rush and then with disconcerting suddenness launched himself on the white man.

Once again his glove thudded vainly on Lewis' chin.

Then a savage swing smashed on the Dixie Kid's ribs, and, while he gasped with pain, the Yiddisher Cyclone burst on him, driving sledge-hammer blows at his body.

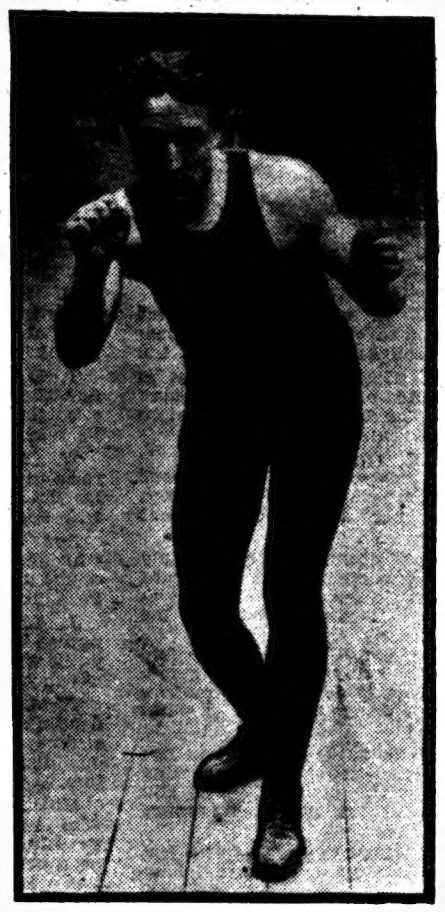
Against the Jew's relentless ferocity, the negro's superb ringcraft was useless.

Not for a single second did Lewis cease to harry him. The Kid was weakening

When Lewis trapped him against the ropes now he was slower in extricating himself, and in those precious seconds the Philadelphian's fists hammered against his ribs and head.

"Keep away, Dixie!"

"Box him, Dixie!"



Despite his terrific right-hand punch, and his uncanny iron jaw, the former newsboy still put all his faith in charms

Frantic appeals came from the coloured boy's corner as he staggered round the ring on sagging legs vainly trying to cover up under the hail of punishment.

He tried every trick in the pack, but he could not find one to save him.

No matter what he did, those swinging gloves still battered his bruised and swollen face, hammered his aching ribs.

In the seventh round it was impossible to recognise the old Dixie Kid in the weary, punch-drunk negro who reeled unsteadily around the ring. Four times Lewis smashed him to the canvas.

Four times he climbed to his feet and raised his hands.

As he slumped on to his stool at the end of that session it was obvious that the end was in sight.

Across the ring, Lewis impatiently thrust aside his handlers and leaned forward on his stool ready to jump into action as soon as the gong sounded.

He came out with his right glove poised, and, as he swung it to the negro's chin, Dixie dropped limply over the ropes.

There he hung while the timekeeper took up the count, and simultaneously the referee motioned Lewis to his corner with a quiet "That's enough."

ONLY a few hours later the car in which Lewis was a passenger was involved in a crash, and Harry sustained injuries that cut short his career.

He fought again after his recovery, but he was only a shadow of his former self.

The old dash and fire had gone, never to return, and in the following year he collapsed stricken with paralysis during a fight with Joe Borrell in his home town.

After that he spent his time in a wheel-chair, a helpless invalid with nothing but his memories to console him.

Yet even then his broad smile and happy-go-lucky nature remained unquenched, and from one pocket or another he could still produce a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf clover—just "For luck!"

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Devil in Kilts Pipes On

WHEN the Camerons were flung into the bloody maelstrom at Arras to stem the tide, an unusual young soldier went with them.

He carried no rifle—no arms.

But in his eyes was the light of battle.

Pipe-Corporal Alec Young was "going up" to fight in the way he knew best—with the wild music of the undefeated Highlands.

On his shoulder he carried a set of pipes that have become famous throughout the English-speaking world.

FATHER'S PIPES

They were the pipes presented to his father, Pipe-Major Angus Young, awarded the Pipers' Medal for playing the 2nd Battalion of the Camerons through the hell of Passchendale in the last war.

Right up to the front line went Pipe-Corporal Alec Young, and as the Camerons "moved in" he marched up and down, oblivious to all personal danger, filling the air with the skirl of his pipes for all the world as though he were home on the parade ground.

Shells burst around him. Bullets whistled viciously over his head.

Yet he had no thought of stopping; no thought of seeking cover.

Even when a panicky youth shouted "*Gas!*" Young merely glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, and carried on.

BLOOD TINGLED

That music was an insult to the Germans, who concentrated their fire on the piper.

It was a godsend to battle-weary Camerons.

As the fight developed Young's music grew wilder and wilder, fiercer and fiercer, until ragged-nerved men felt a strange calmness seep through them.

They felt their blood tingle; felt their pulses race to the rhythm of the music of their untamed homeland.

"You'd 've thought he was a spirit sent to keep us going!" one of them said later.

Even when the Germans launched a bayonet charge at the position where he was piping; even when hand-to-hand bayonet fighting started all round him; even though he was on the point of utter exhaustion, Pipe-Corporal Alec Young would not stop.

BAYONET ATTACK

Suddenly, when he was bending down to adjust a new reed in the chanter of his pipes, a German lunged at him with his bayonet.

There was a searing pain in his right side.

And he fell forward over the pipes that had cheered the Camerons through the vicious battle.

Another name has been added to that list of heroes who dribbled footballs, who beat toy drums, who played their pipes through the horrors of modern war.

It is the name of Pipe-Corporal Alec Young: he received the Pipers' Medal.

The Last Laugh

SOPRANO (Cheltenham).—"I learned early that it was not enough to sing acceptably; I had also to learn to bow after a song." And to duck as well?

D. B. (Ealing).—"Some of the big London football clubs are after me." Now what have you done?

K. B. (Lewes).—"I maintain that there should be large raid shelters all over London." What, instead of under it?

Mrs. F. (Halifax).—"When I opened some of my home-made jam I found it had gone bad." That was a nasty jar.

R. A. (Ewell).—"Whenever I travel by tramcar, bus or train, I must close my eyes." You hate to see ladies standing?

A. P. (Crewe).—"Regarding Hitler's gift of an armoured train to Mussolini, what has the Duce ever given to the Fuehrer?" In.

T. W. (Clacton).—"Some people leave this country without exit permits." But not nearly so many German airmen manage to do this as Berlin claims.

L. L. (Ramsey).—"Among all those foreign blatherers Stalin stands out as a man of few words." Take a look at a Russian dictionary and you'll know why.

S. B. (Nuneaton).—"Do you believe that German propaganda is now printed on the backs of playing cards?" Well, we have heard it referred to as a pack of lies.

R. B. (East Coast).—"I just cannot concentrate on gardening these days and I don't seem to care what comes up in my garden." You are more concerned about what comes down in it?

F. N. (Taunton).—"I'm sure I shall not be able to run to a fur coat for my wife this year." There'll be no need to run, as she will probably lead you slowly but surely towards it.

R. L. (Chesham).—"In some districts it is believed that if a man picks up a horseshoe he will, be married before the year is out." Generally, however, it is believed to be a sign of good luck.

T. B. (Histon).—"One decides to go for a day's blackberrying, walks miles and miles in the hot sun, gets tired and thirsty, and what has one got to show for it all at the end of the day?" Scratches.

R. B. (Barnet).—"British barrage balloons have been attacked by German airmen." Such reprisals were to be expected. Lots of unkind things have been said in this country about Field-Marshal Goering.

M. W. (Chatham).—"The day of miracles is not past." No. We can read your writing this time.

V. T. R. (Cambridge).—"What happens to a German plane when it is brought down?" It's all up.

J. P. (Haslemere).—"My son is about to pass his final exams." Hadn't he better take one before it is too late?

H. H. (Nantwich).—"There is nothing so foolish as telling your wife about your past loves." Except telling her about your present ones.

N. S. (Salford).—"A chap in my office keeps boasting he is as hard as nails. How can I show he is wrong?" Put a tintack on his chair.

F. T. (South Wales).—"We find it pretty cold down the air raid shelter at night." Still, it compensates for things being pretty warm outside!

L. E. (Redruth).—"I suppose you are worried about the purchasing power of the pound?" Yes, and also about the purchasing power of the wife.

C. N. (Maidenhead).—"The last day or two my friend and I have had a really wonderful time fishing." How much did you get for the empties?

V. G. (Credit-n).—"My husband lately complains of seeing little dots before his eyes. Do you think it is serious?" Not unless he tries to sign on them.

Mrs. M. (Watford).—"My husband said his boss had kept him for hours discussing business matters. Wasn't that a bit thick?" It sounds pretty thin to us.

R. B. (Hitchin).—"I simply must have £10 by the end of the week, but I haven't the slightest idea from whom I am going to borrow it." We are relieved to hear that.

F. R. (South Coast).—"I saw German planes falling into the sea so fast that you could hardly count them. I suppose you'll say: Tell that to the Marines!" No: Tell the world!

T. C. (Lewes).—"My old grandfather has an eccentricity. He goes to bed with his shoes on. Can you imagine anyone doing that?" Well, there's your grandpa and there's horses, too.

Bert (Sale).—"I got some medicine for a bad cold and the chemist said it would cure me in a night. I took some that night but next day I was as bad as ever." Well, we don't suppose the chemist said which night!

M. W. (Shaftesbury).—"Paper is very scarce these days, otherwise I would tell you all about my experiences." This is the sort of blessing that makes us think less harshly of the Paper Controller.

M. R. (Harpenden).—"My letter puts before your eyes a means of barricading every street." The writing certainly suggests a barbed-wire entanglement.

Miss N. F. (Gateshead).—"I purposely yawned to give the young man a hint that he could go; but what do you think was the result?" He told you what beautiful teeth you had?

D. J. (Thames Ditton).—"The new office boy came an hour late on his first morning. What do you think he said when I told him he should have arrived at 9 o'clock?" Asked you what he'd missed?

L. W. (Burnley).—"Do you know what a Scotch friend gave us for our golden wedding?" A goldfish?

B. L. (Leamington).—"This certainly is a very small world." You're dodging a collector, too?

A. H. (Loughton).—"Women dress themselves up to please men." And to displease other women.

R. S. (Droitwich).—"The olive branch is the emblem of peace. What is the emblem of war?' Orange blossom.

M. B. (Sheffield).—"Can you guess what I found when I opened a batch of oyster shells at lunch to-day?" Your lunch.

T. D. (Cardiff).—"The chemist had the cool nerve to ask 18s. for a bottle of nerve tonic." Perhaps he takes the stuff himself.

W. A. (Bungay).—"I always raise my hat to the family doctor. Do you know why?" Because your wife does what he tells her?

Bob (Ipswich).—"I don't see why she should have been afraid of the dark. After all, I was there." Perhaps that was the reason.

J. L. (Keston).—"We haven't named our baby boy yet. Can you guess why not?" You can't decide which of his uncles is the richest?

T. M. (Malvern).—"There is no denying the fact that we live in stirring times." Yes, everybody in our district seems to be making jam, too.

Molly (York).—"My boy friend, who is a Scotsman, has sent me a snapshot of himself, but it hasn't been developed." Well, you said he was a Scotsman.

Tramp (Banbury).—"I told a lady the other day that my stomach was as empty as a drum, and what do you think she told me to do?" Beat it!

Dick (London, N.).—"I have recently married and now propose to take out an insurance on my life." But surely your wife is not as dangerous as that?

E. P. (Jarrow).—"English is a marvellous language. Look what a great writer can do with 26 letters." But look what a great lawyer can do with only two or three.

S. K. (Swanwick).—"He asked me to lend him my dinner jacket the other evening. He said he knew I wouldn't be using it." He was taking your girl friend out himself?

E. T. (Stourbridge).—"I tried to join the Army but I was turned down, and when I told my girl she turned me down as well. So what can I do now?" Wait for something to turn up.

G. W. (Streatham).—"I have only recently come to live in London, and haven't yet found out which is the correct end to get off a tram. Does it make any difference?" No; they both stop.

M. L. (Chester).—"It's five years, until last week, since I had seen you. And, though I hate to say it, you looked much older and very different." Well, we shouldn't have recognised you had it not been for your coat.

P. F. (St. Albans).—"You'll remember that I sent you our family album to look through. What did you think of the pictures in it?" The pictures were all right; but they'd forgotten to print the jokes under them.

N. V. (Loughton).—"Love is a very difficult state, isn't it? If I don't keep saying nice things to my girl she'll think my feelings are cooling." Yes, and it is possible that, if you continue telling her nice things, she'll think she's too good for you.

Lyric Writer (Burton).—"I have written a new song in which the recurring theme line is 'And it's only his back that I see.' Trouble is, I can't think of a snappy title." You're too late, brother. Somebody used it years ago: "A Bicycle Made for Two."

OLD BILL · By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Mind what yer doin'! That's the second time you've got me with that fifth column o' yours."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

Daily Mail:—"The correspondent saw eight 'PLANES coming from each machine."

Leicester Mercury:—"... if dogs are being taken round under proper control, they still get THIRTY."

Manchester Evening News:—"Children playing in a public park ran for a shelter at its FATES."

Evening News:—"Increase in separation and DEFENDANTS' allowances. ..."

Peterborough Standard:—"They can be counted on the FIGURES of one hand."

The Citizen:—"A man with several days' growth of BOARD."

Bristol Daily Press:—"There were in Bristol 103 MIRTHS."

Northern Whig:—"Spanish troops are going INLAID through Tetuan."

Bristol Evening Post:—"... their chewing-GUN machines outside shops were filled by this company."

Northern Daily Telegraph:—"No one was BILLED as all were in shelters."

The Witness:—"He prayed that both pastor and people would be greatly blessed in their PORK."

Barrow Guardian:—"The authorisation to PLEASE cars on car parks without lights is withdrawn."

Daily Telegraph:—"BOATING is not likely to impress the Sudanese, who have ceased paying much attention to the Italian radio."

Daily Record and Mail:—"He had thousands of pounds' worth of antique furniture and first ADDITIONS stored there."

Manchester Evening News:—"... hung his trousers on a nail in the WILL."

Pembroke County and West Wales Guardian:—"The milk was contained in a CHURCH which had a tap at the bottom of it."

Evening Telegraph:—"This jump in costs can be directly ascribed to the WINE-laying and patrolling efficiency of the Royal Navy."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

USEFUL TORCHES for BLACK-OUT THIS WEEK WITH BULLETS and X-WORD CASH PRIZES!

£100 1st PRIZE— "BULLETS" No. 1234.
Mrs. ARMSTRONG, 1, Portland Street, Workington.

Example: WE WANT MORE
Bullet: "BIG GUNS," *Winston's*
"CALIBRE."

Second Prize, £20: C. D. House, "Tresco," Tyning Road, Saltford, nr. Bristol (G.S.). **Hitler's Moves—Uncertain—But Sure! Third Prize, £10:** J. Beard, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs (G.S.). **Down Our Street—Blue? True—*True* Blue!**

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: D. Mackey, 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks. **Hard—And *Faster*, Workers' "Rule." 95s.:** B. J. Holt, 141, Victoria Road, Dartmouth. **Down Our Street—Queen—Handed *Mother* "Bouquet." 90s.:** E. B. Buckner, 2, Rookery Cottages, Horsebridge, Hellingly. **Hitler's Enemies—Interned—Turned Into *Ours*? 85s.:** Miss E. R. Tolley, 31, William Street, Windsor (G.S.). **Living In Luxury—One German —That's Hermann! 80s.:** E. R. Haddock, 22, Moss House Terrace, Blackley, Manchester. **The Home Guard—Delaying You? "Stepping" *Nazis*! 75s.:** A. C. Hobbs, 10, West Cromwell Road, S.W. **Beer and 'Baccy—Fireside, Armchair, Slippers—Siren! 70s.:** P. B. Mole, 157, Ross Road, Blackheath, Birmingham. **If We Had A Gestapo—Rubber Truncheons—"Elastic" Powers! 65s.:** Pte. E. Garvey, Duke of Wellington Regt., Somewhere-in-Britain. **Too Many Officials — Drawl — Swagger — Draw "Swag." 60s.:** J. Lawrenson, Cases Lane, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs. **We Want More—Grip, On "Grasping" Hands. 40s.:** P. Gardiner, 167, Edmund Road, Sheffield. **Worrying—Goering Also, *Returning* Pilots! 40s.:** F. Howell, 19, Currey Road, Greenford, Middx. **To Find The Sergeant's—Soft Spot, *Mule* Managed! 40s.:** A. Judd, 52, Duke Street, Burton Latimer, Northants. **Down Our Street—Special Tiptoes—Wife's Asleep!**

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

Use any "Example"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

WHEN HITLER'S SMASHED
THE PEOPLE'S WAR
HAPPINESS AND SECURITY
STEADY AS A ROCK
AUNTIE'S MORALE
WILLING TO TALK
FOR THE TROOPS
WON'T WAIT | **GREED**
MARCHING ON | **REBELS**
CONQUERED | **IN BLOOD**
SOOTHING SYRUP
KEEP AT IT AND
IF UNCLE SAM COMES IN
SPYING OUT THE LAND
MAN WHO'S WANTED
VOICE OF TRUTH
MISTRESS OF THE SEAS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MARRIED .....
PICTURE OF .....
ENGLISHMAN'S .....
FUTURE OF .....
MAKING MORE .....
FLYING .....

ENTRY-FEE

Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed, in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR 'Bullets' on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1238, "John Bull," Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

£275 ELECTRIC TORCH WITH ALL CASH AWARDS

INCREASED TO £125 £20 £10

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/- 75/- 70/- 65/- 60/- 3 of 40/-

25 of 10/- 200 Surprise 5/- 1250 New 3-in-1 MERIT AWARDS

Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....

ONE WEEK ONLY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,238

Closing Postmark SAT., SEPT. 14

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Remember to enclose your Bulletin' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" OR SQUARE ENTERED

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /&. Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

INCREASED PENSION plus CASH PRIZE for X-WORDS — NEW BONUS AWARDS AS WELL!

WIN 30/- A MONTHLY PENSION FOR LIFE PLUS £100 INCREASED

£25 TO BE SHARED BY THE FIRST 200 CASH

ALL CASH PRIZES of 10/- and over ACCOMPANIED by ELECTRIC TORCH

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, September 14.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross " / & Co. / " and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 26; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES
Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

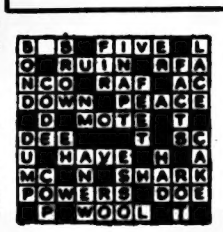
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 219, "John Bull" 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. It sometimes pays to hold
2. It would be unusual for burglar to get away with a lot of this
4. Workmen's only asking for trouble if he just carries on, lingering this
6. Aspidistra is sometimes brought out to
9. First Aider can supply you with this if you need dressings for any emergency
10. The kind you have to pay for has become smaller and thinner owing to war
12. Tyres that cyclists and motorists use are bound to get this
15. There's often political significance in one nowadays
16. Stripping of one means job for an expert

DOWN CLUES

1. One that's ideal for climbing is pretty certain to attract a good many enthusiasts
2. Is frequently demonstrated to medical students
3. The use of a city's funds for this is something Council members should watch
5. Having felt one may make a man smart
6. Most man would be glad to do this for the last time
7. A great many people find this handy in garden
8. War-time difficulties have already taken many of these
11. Oil is often a good thing to put on
12. A real worry to a lot of housebolders
14. Commercial traveller may find this makes it difficult for him to carry his samples round



RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 216.

The following two competitors share £150, each receiving £75 for set of most meritorious Answers, seen in square on right.

J. EVANS, 34, BALHAM PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.W.12.
MRS. P. LAZARUS, THE DEN, ROMANLEA, COOKHAM, BERKS.

£25 First Runners-up Award is shared between 27 entrants, each receiving 18s. 7d. Surprise Awards for each of 316 Second Runners-up.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Bib or Rob. 5. Fire. 6. Rain. 8. Fuses. 9. Facts. 12. Hove. 13. Shark. 17. Powers. 18. Wool. Down—1. Bond. 2. Lose. 3. Code. 7. Foot. 10. Dump. 11. Cake. 12. Hail. 14. Cup. 16. Bat.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square on right. Blank space indicates that at this point BIB and BOB were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £125 FREE!
If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 219 Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'
To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated September 28, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
51.....

WHAT ALMOST EVERY WIFE KNOWS . . .

Persil whiteness is easier, quicker now with New Persil

IT really is a treat, Monday after Monday, to see that lovely Persil whiteness coming out from your wash. Makes you wonder how and why any woman can ever put up a moment longer with other so-called whiteness. And now, don't forget, that dazzling Persil whiteness comes easier and quicker than ever.

Look! You simply shake the Persil straight into the water and whisk up a nice rich lasting lather. Then in with your clothes. And at once millions of eager oxygen bubbles set to work. Then out they go, searching for that dirt, shifting that stain. The final result is — Persil whiteness.

Never mind which method you use — boil, soak or non-boil; never mind whether it's for silks and woollens or the white things — one thing is certain, Persil will give you the best results every time.

Your own two eyes will convince you once you *see* Persil whiteness — and from then on nothing else will satisfy you.

Persil THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 790-172-60

NEW PERSIL

EASIER TO USE—
Simply shake Persil straight into the water. Swish briskly until dissolved. Then put the clothes in.

EXTRA LATHER— for fine wash

PREVENTS SCUM— quicker rinsing

Bacon or hash, sausage and mash,
War'fare's' improved with a generous dash.

SAYS Master Okay —the Saucy Boy

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

My Face Is Very Well-Known

I LOOK AND FEEL 15 YEARS YOUNGER

Dramatic Tribute to YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Dorchester.

Dear Sirs, June 13th, 1940.

I have suffered from insomnia, hardly being able to obtain even 2 hours' sleep nightly sometimes, and being a chef I have had on several occasions to do practically 20 hours' duty per day. I was advised by a fellow-chef to try Yeast-Vite and did so. You can see the result. I look and feel 15 years younger.

These are very worrying times, and the job of compiling menus out of some of the allowanced "Rations," with sleeplessness thrown in, was too much! I am now able to conduct my duties in a satisfactory manner, giving even myself satisfaction.

I may say I have managed several restaurants in London and cafes and camps at the different seaside resorts this last 20 years, and my face is very well-known. I came out of the last war in '19 a sergeant after 4 years and 6 months' strenuous service with no disability, but the worry of all—unemployment. Anyhow, I would earnestly recommend any one sending a parcel to their "boys" to include a bottle of Yeast-Vite to steady their nerves and buck them up.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed)
C. NEWTON FULLER.

Plymouth,
July 20th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

On only two bottles of Yeast-Vite, the results are truly remarkable, not only with regard to psoriasis, but to my general health and well being. I feel fitter and more cheerful; no doubt the effect of my skin clearing makes me feel so good, coupled with your wonderful tonic, Yeast-Vite tablets.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) E. M.

Nerves and Stomach Trouble

Southend-on-Sea.
July 21st, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you the benefit I have got from taking your famous Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I have been a chronic sufferer from various troubles, catarrh and stomach troubles, etc. Not only have they given me great relief, but they have settled my nerves after 3½ years of suffering. There is no finer tonic on the market to-day.

You may publish this letter if you like, as I am more than satisfied with the results I have obtained.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. R. S.

Accept This Offer!

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae) especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. It is therefore a Quick acting tonic, so successful that we make the following fair-play offer. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full. Sold everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 11s. 2d. per annum, Abroad, 13s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsagents' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By way of Trade, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the proprietors, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or altered to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatsoever.

F. 64 | J.B.L. 140 | ★ 127